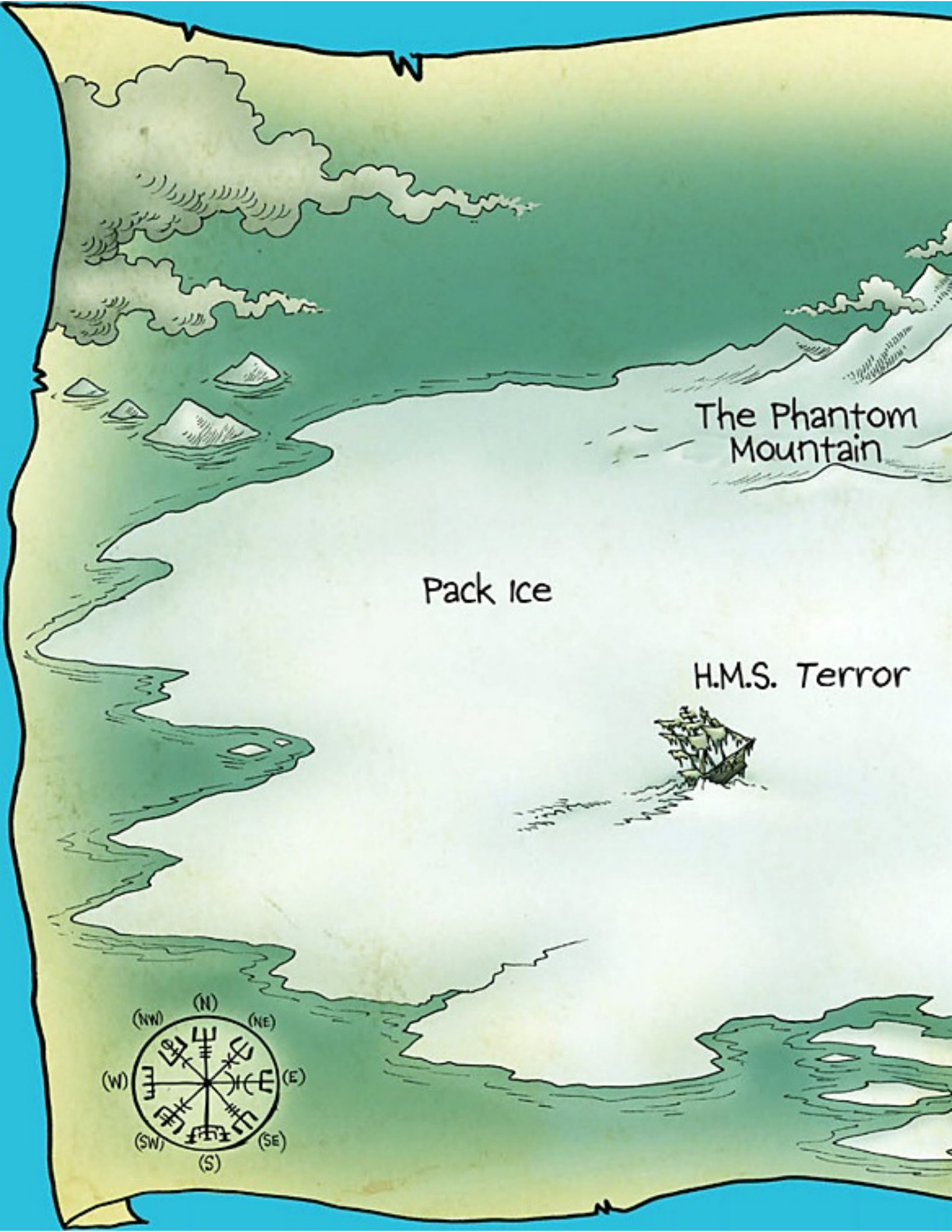


NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING SERIES

Poptropica²

THE LOST EXPEDITION

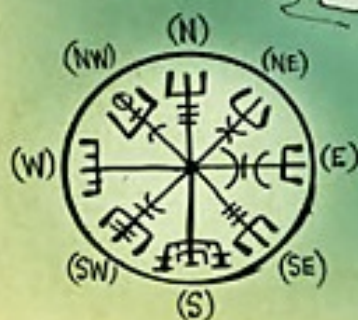


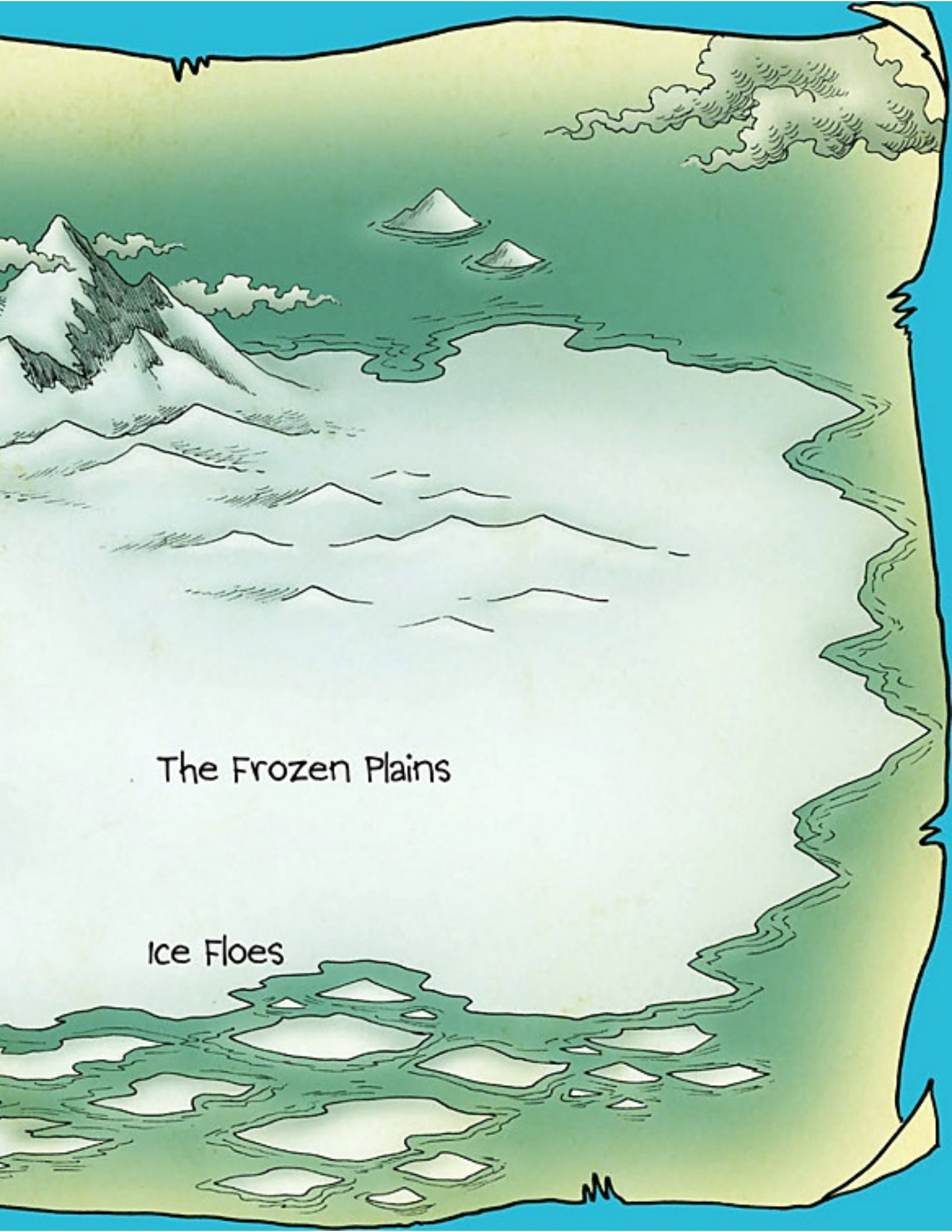


The Phantom
Mountain

Pack Ice

H.M.S. Terror





The Frozen Plains

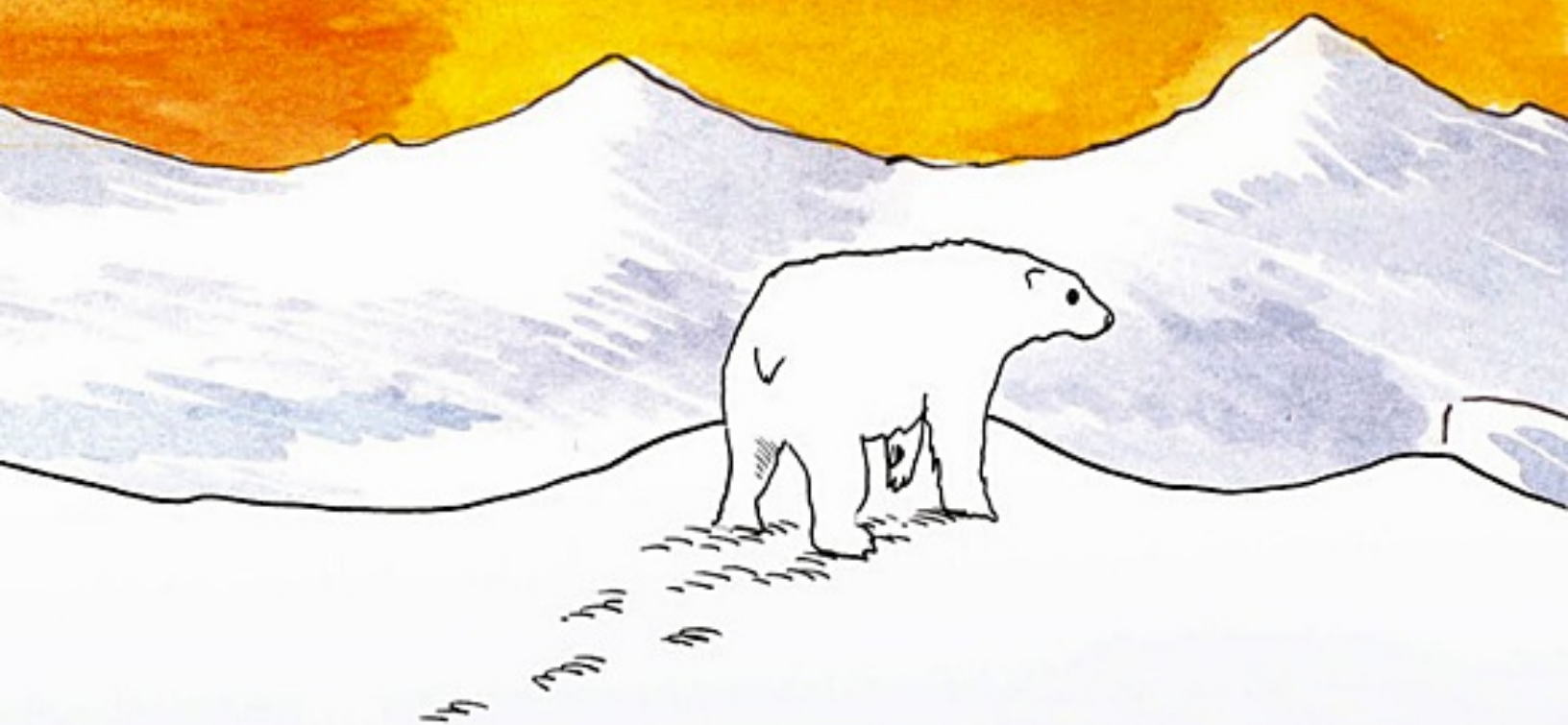
Ice Floes





Poptropica²®

THE LOST EXPEDITION





OLIVER



JORGE



MYA



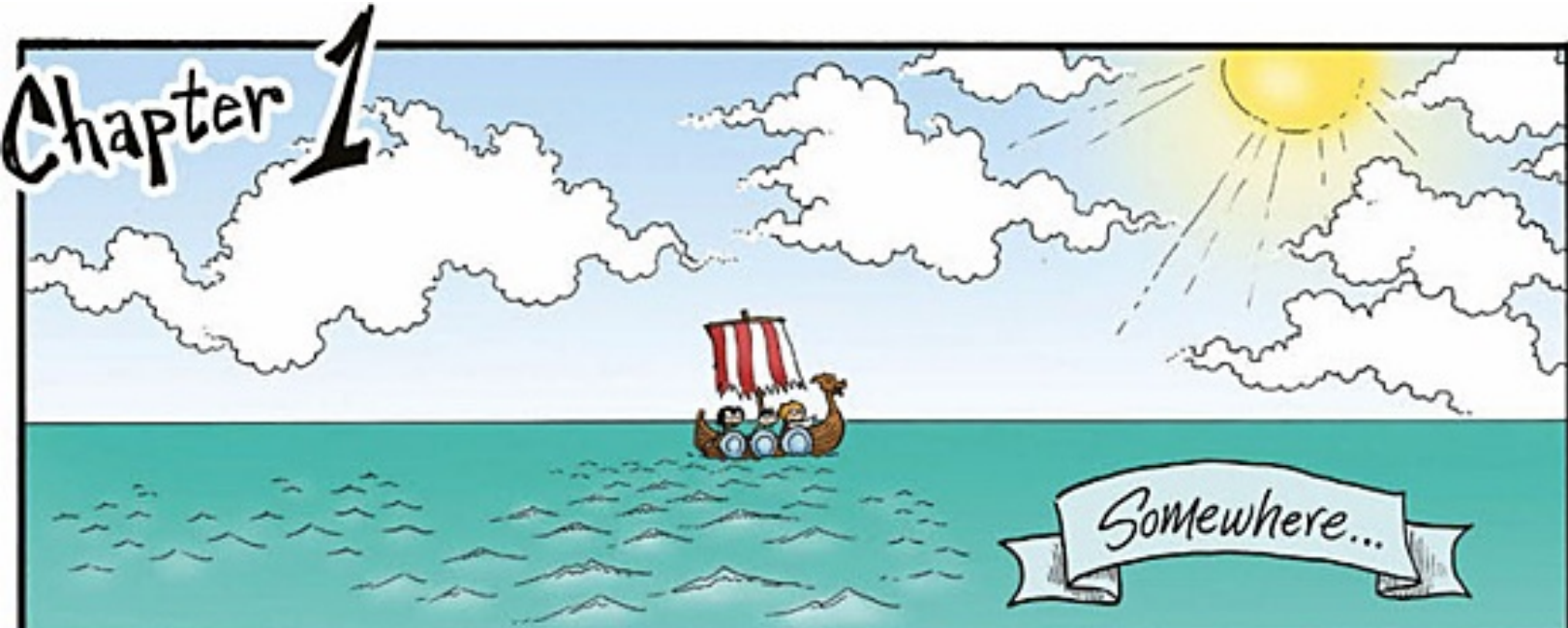
OCTAVIAN

PREVIOUSLY ON

Poptropica®

Mya, Oliver, and Jorge were transported to the mysterious islands of Poptropica by the evil Octavian. After narrowly escaping a band of Vikings, the kids have taken to the seas. With the help of a magical map, they now search for a way home—but Octavian is hot on their trail!

Chapter 1



COME ON, MAP!
SHOW US THE WAY HOME!




IF NOT HOME,
HOW ABOUT
DISNEY WORLD?

FOR A MAGICAL MAP,
THIS THING SURE
SEEMS USELESS.

MYA, ANY IDEA WHY THE MAP ONLY
LISTENS TO US **SOMETIMES**?

NOPE. BUT I DON'T THINK WE
CAN COUNT ON THIS MAP TO GET
US HOME, OLIVER.






UGH. I'D ALMOST RATHER BE BACK IN THAT VIKING FORTRESS. AT LEAST THEY FED US.

WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE OUT HERE. YOU'D PREFER TO STAY LOCKED IN A CAGE, EATING SLOP?

SOME SLOP **WOULD** HIT THE SPOT.



AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT THE MAP, WE NEED TO PUT AS MUCH DISTANCE AS POSSIBLE BETWEEN US AND THAT CREEP OCTAVIAN.

WHAT DOES HE EVEN **WANT** WITH THIS USELESS THING?

I DON'T KNOW, BUT HE'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET IT BACK.



BESIDES, WE DON'T HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT OCTAVIAN. THOSE VIKINGS HAD HIM SURROUNDED. RIGHT, JORGE?

YEAH! HE'S PROBABLY CHOWING DOWN ON A BOWL OF HOT SLOP **RIGHT NOW**.

MEANWHILE ...

FEEDING TIME,
YA PIG!

WHERE'D
THAT
DUNGA GO?

I MUST THANK YOU FOR
YOUR HOSPITALITY.

HUH?

AHHH!





SOMEWHERE ...

I GIVE UP.

WE'RE GOING ABOUT THIS ALL WRONG. THIS THING'S HIGH-TECH. MAYBE WE CAN JUST GET SOMETHING DELIVERED FROM AMAZON.

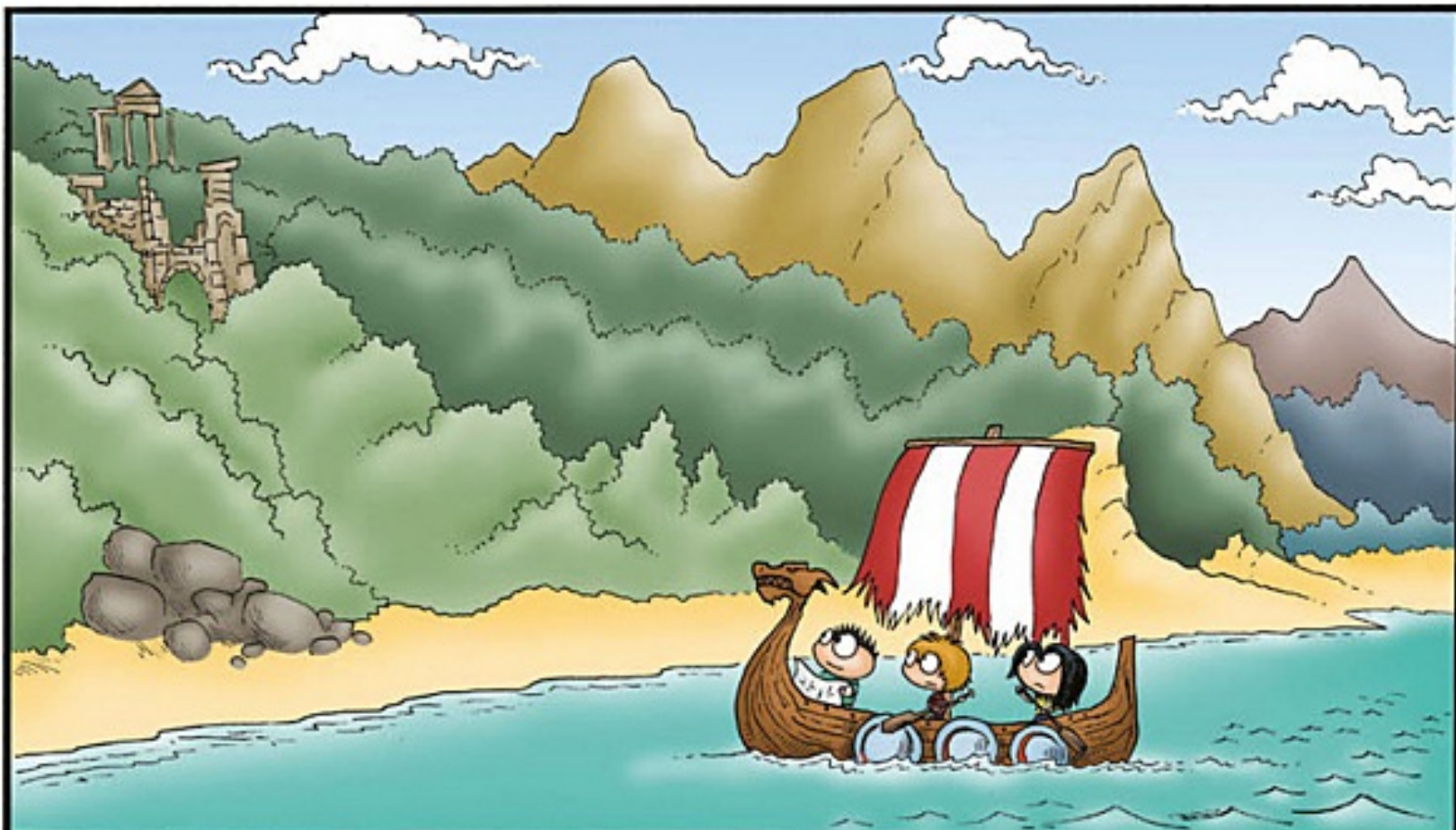
WHOA!

ANATOLIA,
479 B.C.

BLOOP BLOOP BLOOP

WHAT IS IT,
JORGE?

SUPPLIES,
THAT-A-WAY!





SURPRISINGLY CLEAN FOR ANCIENT RUINS.
THE MAP SAID THIS PLACE WAS HUNDREDS OF
YEARS OLD, BUT IT LOOKS BRAND-NEW.

YOU DON'T THINK THE DATE ON THE MAP MEANS
WE'VE ACTUALLY TRAVELED THROUGH TIME?

I SUPPOSE IT'S
POSSIBLE.



JUST A BUNCH OF DUMB ROCKS.
I THOUGHT THERE WOULD
BE MORE FOOD.

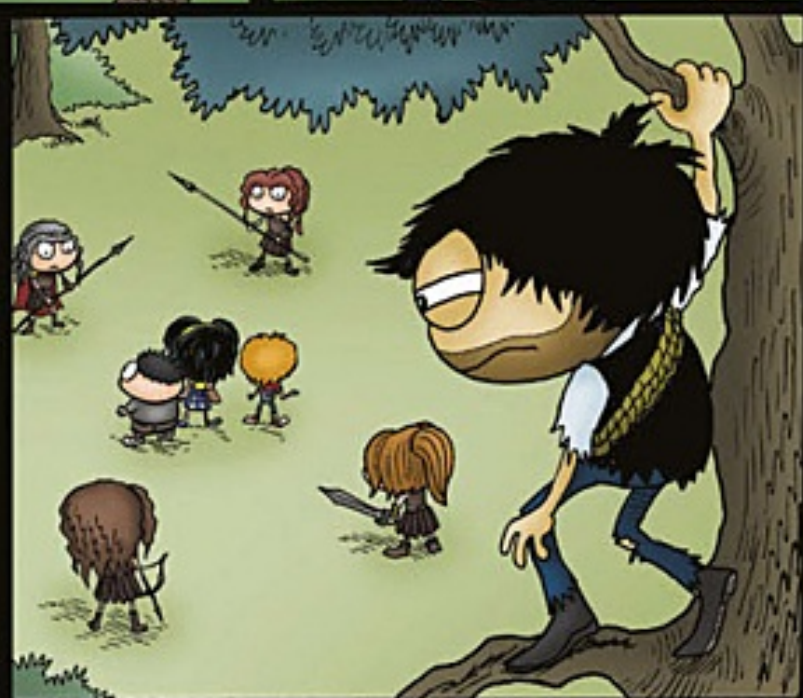


NOT EVEN A
WATER FOUNTAIN!





Chapter 2



THEY'RE AMAZONS—
WARRIOR WOMEN!

STUPID MAP!
I WANTED THE WEBSITE.

HELLO!




THAT WAS A
LITTLE TOO FORWARD.
GOT IT.

ARE YOU WITH
THE GORGONS?

WHAT'S A GORGON?


THEY'RE A RACE OF
SNAKE-WOMEN! YOU
KNOW, LIKE MEDUSA!

SO YOU **DO**
KNOW THEM.



I'VE GOT THEM.
I'LL TRY TO KEEP
THEM HERE.

PATHETIC. YOU'RE
NOT EVEN **TRYING** TO
BLEND IN WITH YOUR
SURROUNDINGS.



SEND A TRANSPORT
AS SOON AS
POSSIBLE.




YOU!

NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, TOO.
DOES **HE** KNOW I'M BACK?


OF COURSE HE DOES!
EVERYBODY KNOWS!



GOOD.



YOU SHOULDN'T
HAVE COME BACK!
HE'LL FIND YOU.



I'M COUNTING
ON IT.

NEARBY...

IF YOU ARE WHO YOU SAY YOU ARE, THEN WE WILL OPEN OUR ARMS TO YOU. BUT IF YOU ARE WITH OUR ENEMIES...

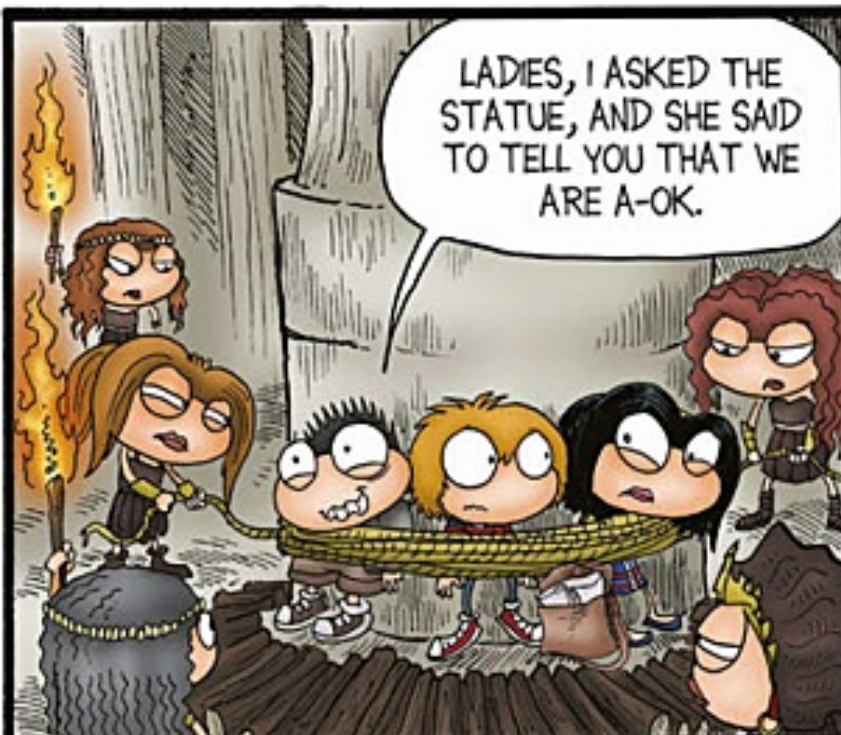
... WE WILL SHOW NO MERCY.

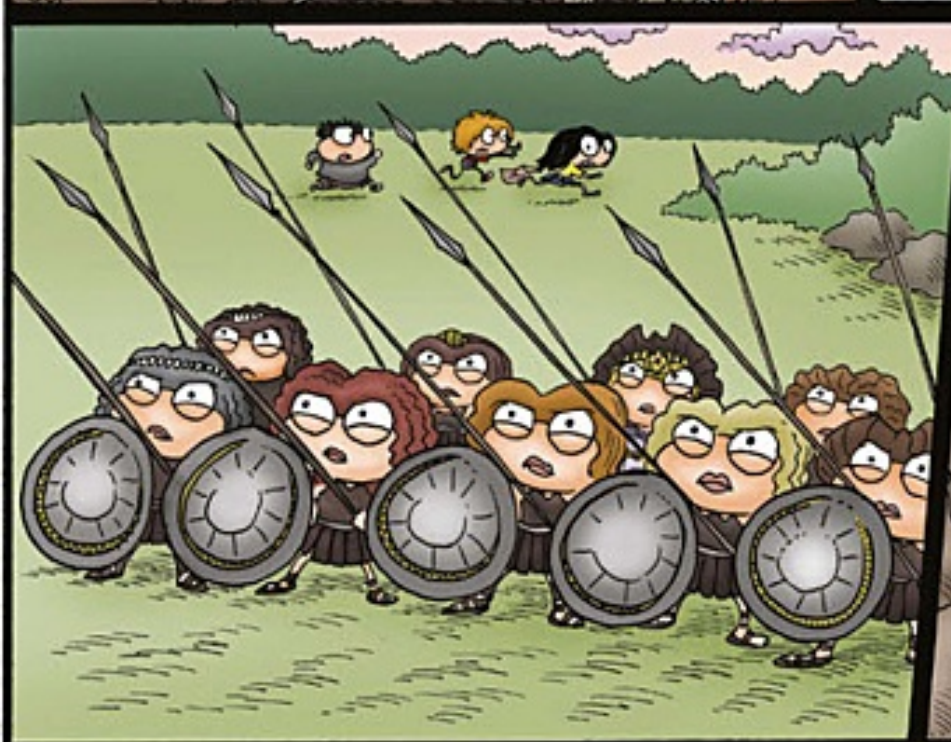
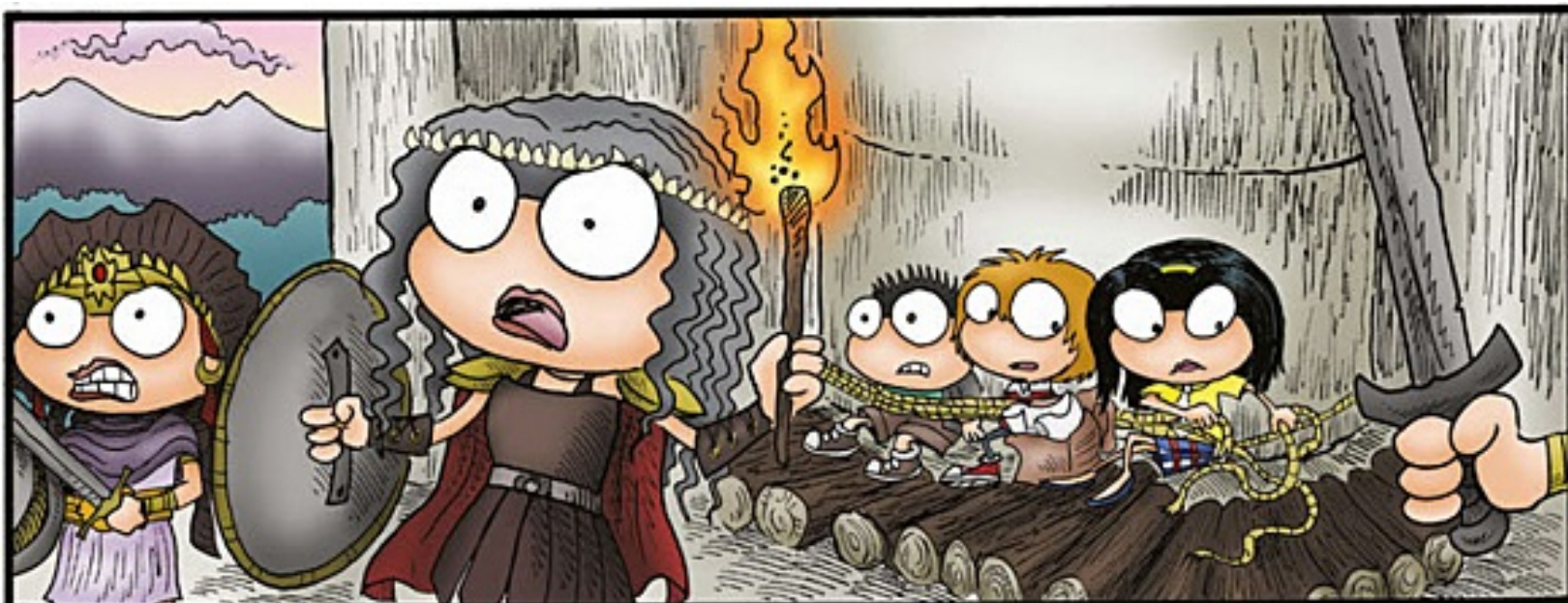
LOOK, LADY, WE JUST GOT HERE.

HOW CAN WE PROVE TO YOU THAT WE'RE BY OURSELVES?

THE DECISION IS HERS!

CUCKOO!









THAT'S IT!
WE'RE GOING
HOME.

WHY STOP
HAVING FUN
NOW?

HUH?



I KNOW IT'S DANGEROUS, AND I WANT TO GO HOME
TOO, BUT WE HAVE AN OPPORTUNITY TO GO
ANYWHERE WE WANT! MAYBE WE OUGHT TO KEEP
EXPLORING AROUND HERE FOR A WHILE. WHO KNOWS
WHAT ELSE THERE IS TO SEE OUT HERE?

NO WAY.

PLUS, WE COULD
USE MORE
SUPPLIES.



COME ON, MYA!
WHERE'S YOUR
SPIRIT OF
ADVENTURE?

YOUR SENSE
OF FUN?



WELL... I GUESS IT COULDN'T
HURT TO KEEP EXPLORING.
WE'VE GOT TO FIND OUR WAY
OUT OF HERE SOMEHOW.



MAP,
SURPRISE US!

Chapter 3



CAN WE GET BACK ON TASK, GUYS? WE'RE NOT ANY CLOSER TO FINDING A WAY HOME.

TELL YOU WHAT, MYA: WHY DON'T YOU DECIDE WHERE TO GO NEXT?

OH NO. IT'S OK.

C'MON, MYA. WE CAN TRAVEL ANYWHERE—AND ANYWHEN—IN THE GLOBE!

WHERE IS SOMEPLACE YOU'VE ALWAYS WANTED TO GO? MAYBE THE MAP CAN TAKE US THERE!

SOMEWHERE WITH A LITTLE CULTURE MIGHT BE NICE!

GLOBE THEATRE,
A.D. 1602

IF I WANTED TO LISTEN TO
SOME BORING ENGLISH GUYS
IN TIGHTS, I'D HAVE
STAYED HOME AND
WATCHED PBS.

OH, DOES
SESAME STREET
DO SHAKESPEARE?


World Premiere
HAMLET
The New Drama
by
William
Shakespeare

EXCUSE ME, HOW MUCH
FOR A TICKET?


COPPER GETS YOU
STANDING ROOM WITH
THE GROUNDINGS,
INNT?

WE ARE OBVIOUSLY
SEPARATED BY A
COMMON LANGUAGE.


I'LL HELP. GENERAL
ADMISSION IS THIS WAY.



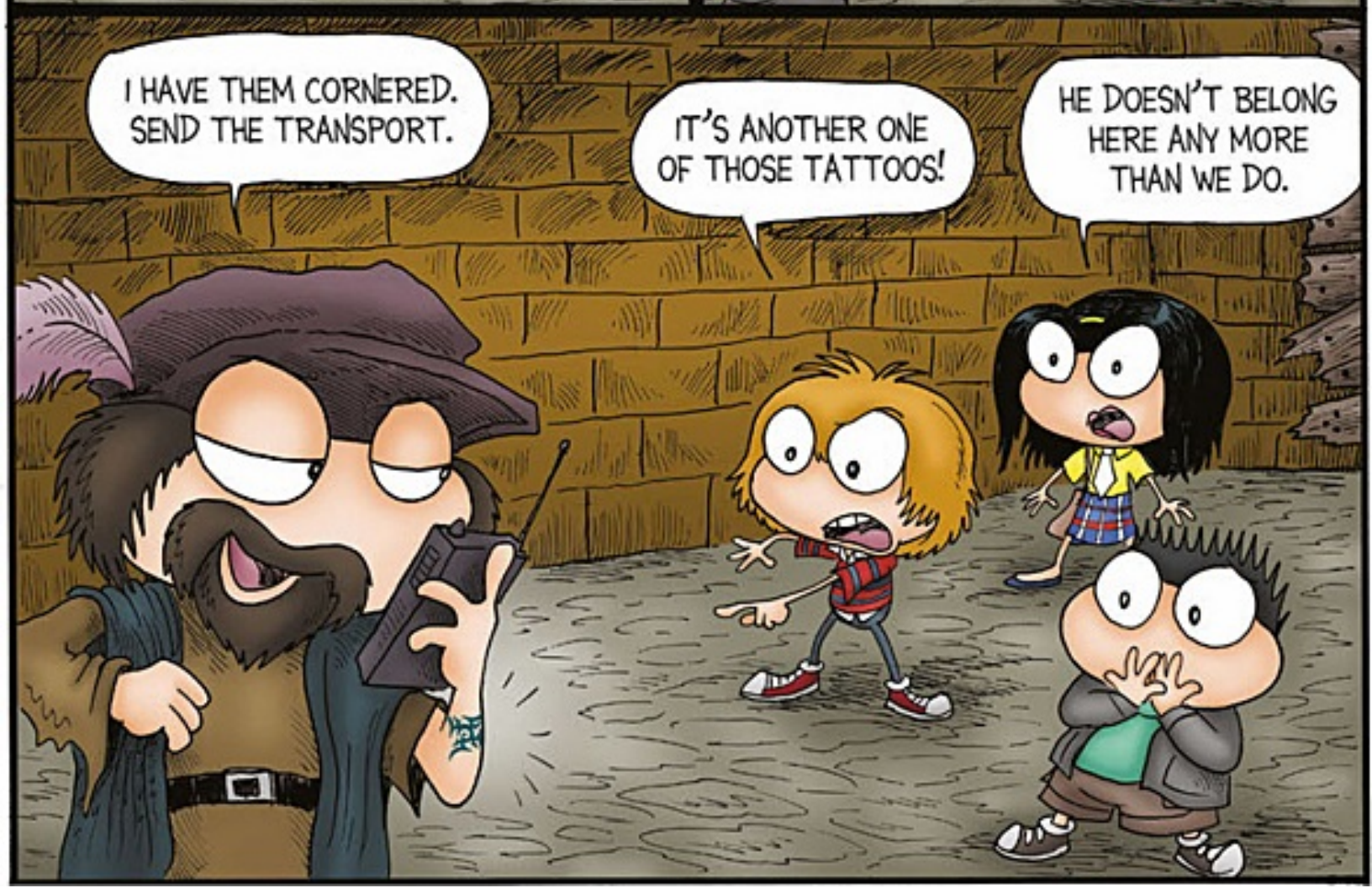
THIS WAY,
M'LADY.




HUH?




WHAT'S
THE IDEA?



I HAVE THEM CORNERED.
SEND THE TRANSPORT.



IT'S ANOTHER ONE
OF THOSE TATTOOS!



HE DOESN'T BELONG
HERE ANY MORE
THAN WE DO.



THANKS FOR
HOLDING THEM UP FOR
ME, JEEVES.



OCTAVIAN!

HOW DID HE
FIND US?



OCTAVIAN!
B-BACK AWAY!

WHO'S GOING
TO MAKE ME?



≡GULP≡

PATHETIC. NO WONDER THE
OLD MAN IS LOSING HIS GRIP.



NOW I'LL JUST TAKE
THAT MAP—HUH?

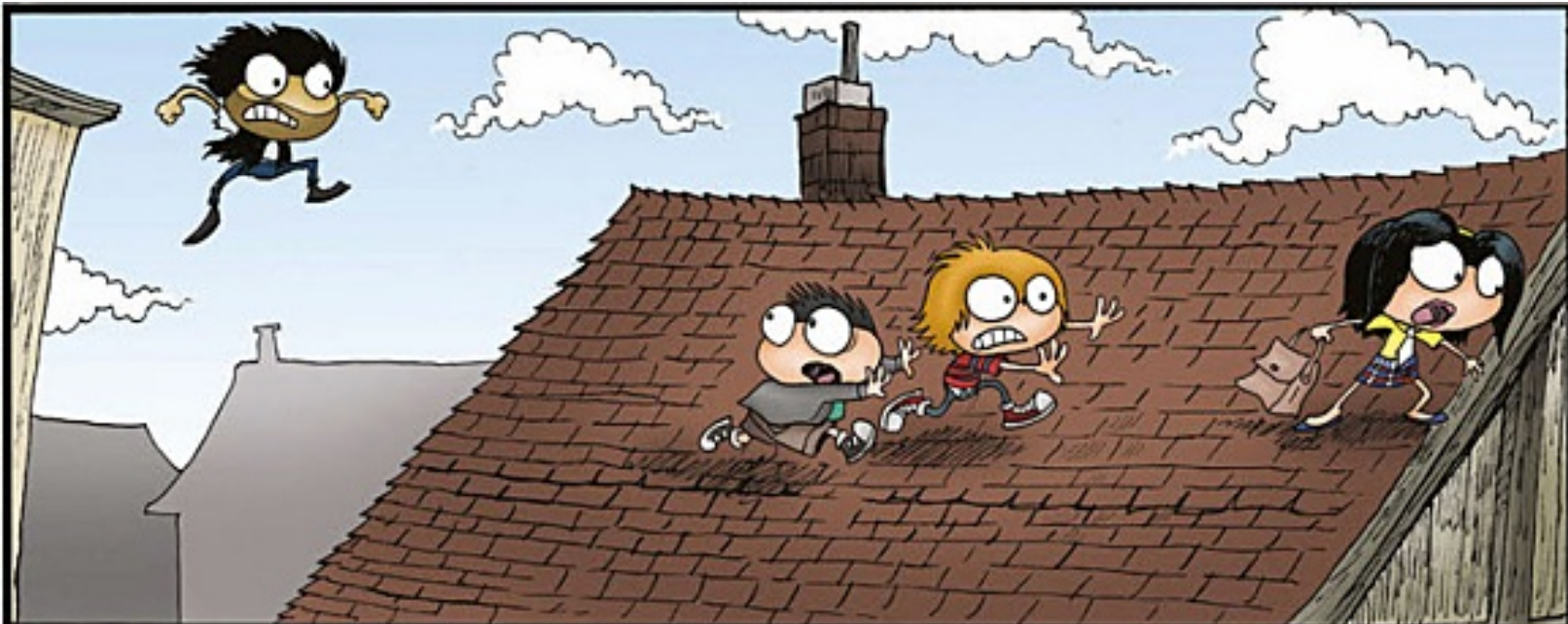


WE ALWAYS HAVE
TO DO THINGS THE
HARD WAY...









Shall I compare thee to a summer's day, O delicious candy apple?

CRACK!

Eh?

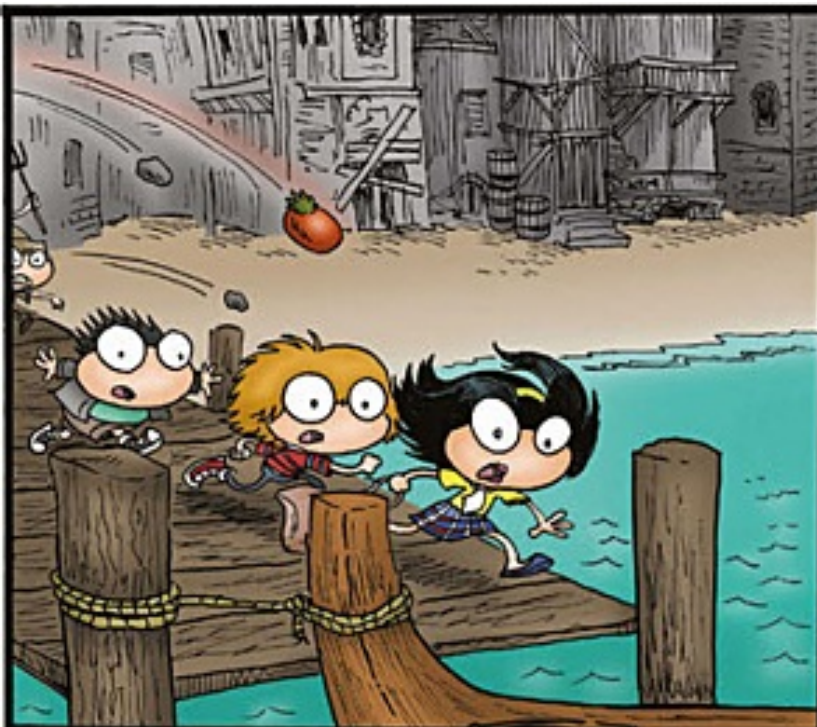
WHOOOMP!


THOSE KIDS JUST
KNOCKED OUT
SHAKESPEARE!

GET
THEM!


RUN!

THIS IS THE LAST TIME
I UNDERESTIMATE
YOU KIDS.







THAT'S WHAT YOU GET
FOR TANGLING WITH THE
TERRIBLE TRIO,
OCTAVIAN!



I'D REALLY
PREFER YOU
NOT GIVE US A
NICKNAME.




UH,
GUYS?



AND NOT A
SCRATCH ON US!

GUYS!



WE'RE TAKING
ON WATER.

WE HAVE TO
TURN BACK!



OVERRULED.



WE HAVE NO CHOICE—UNLESS ANYONE
KNOWS WHERE WE CAN FIND ANOTHER
SHIP AROUND HERE!



BLOOP!
BLOOP!
BLOOP!



WORKS FOR ME.
KEEP BAILING!



Chapter 4



IT'S ALL MY FAULT.
I SHOULD HAVE
KEPT LOOKING FOR
A WAY HOME.

YES. YES
YOU SHOULD
HAVE.

LAND
HO!



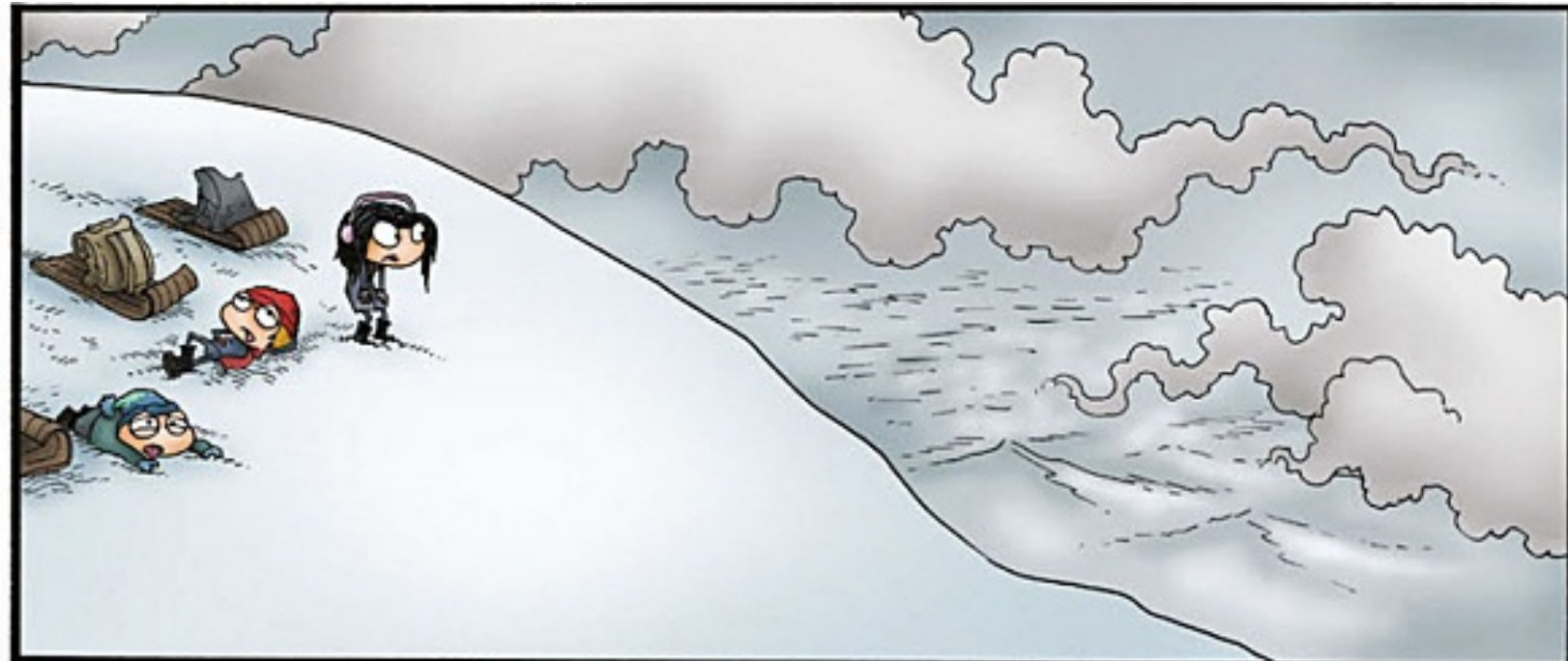
IS IT TOO LATE
TO GO BACK TO
THE SHAKESPEARE
ISLAND?



ONCE AGAIN, THE MAP LEAVES
OUT JUST THE TINIEST BIT OF
CRUCIAL INFORMATION.







WE NEED TO GO
THAT WAY.



WELL, I DON'T SEE
WHAT'S SO GREAT
ABOUT HAVING BEEN
TO THE MOUNTAINTOP.

HEY, LOOK ON THE
BRIGHT SIDE, JORGE...



GETTING DOWN
WILL BE MUCH
EASIER!







MAYBE SLOW AND STEADY DOESN'T WIN THE RACE,
BUT I TRIED MY HARDEST, THAT'S WHAT MATTERS.
HEY, WHAT ARE YOU GUYS LOOKING AT?



YIKES!



GRRR...



EVERYBODY
STAY STILL!

EVERYBODY JUMP
UP AND DOWN AND
WAVE YOUR ARMS!

EVERYBODY
RUN!



YOU'RE THINKING
OF PUMAS.

YOU'RE THINKING
OF WOLVERINES!

YOU SHOULD BOTH BE
THINKING ABOUT
POLAR BEARS!

RRRR



THE SUPPLIES ARE
SLOWING US DOWN!

BUT WE'LL NEVER
SURVIVE IF WE GET
RID OF THEM!



AND WE'LL
NEVER SURVIVE IF
WE **KEEP** THEM!



THIS WILL
DISTRACT HIM...

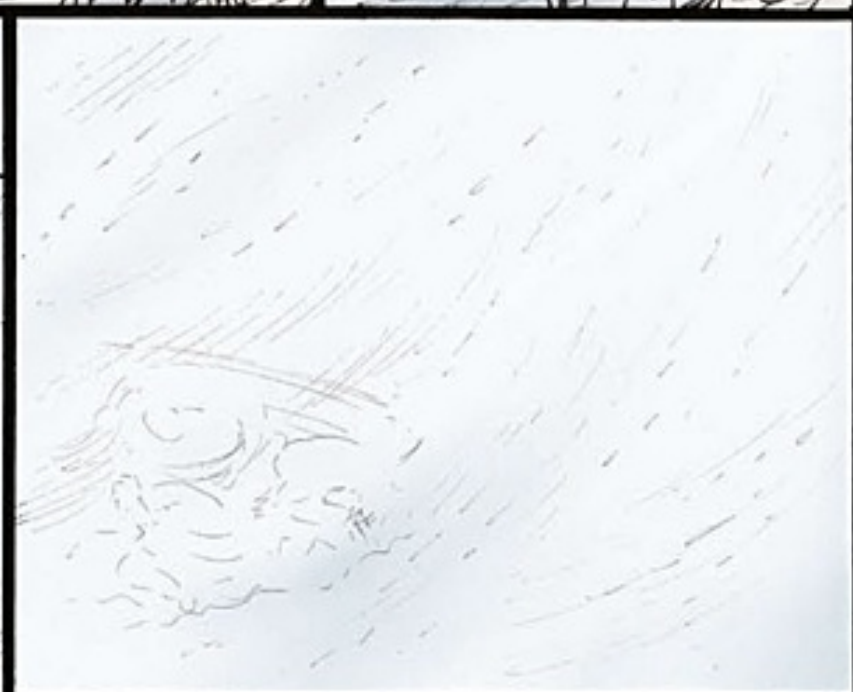
FETCH!



UH-OH, GUYS, I MAY HAVE
JUST WHETTED HIS APPETITE.







Chapter 5

SCRATCH
SCRATCH



WHO ARE YOU?
ARE YOU HERE TO
RESCUE US?

WE WERE
ABOUT TO ASK
YOU THE SAME
THING!

TOLD YOU IT WAS TOO
GOOD TO BE TRUE.
THEY'RE JUST KIDS.

AYE... BETTER
TAKE THEM BACK
TO THE SHIP.

THE
SHIP!

OUR PROBLEMS
ARE OVER!



TELL US ABOUT THE
SHIP. WILL WE EACH GET
OUR OWN STATEROOM,
OR IS IT MORE OF A
SHARED SUITE?

HOW MANY HORSEPOWER
ON THIS BABY?
APPROXIMATELY?

DO WE SING SEA
SHANTIES BEFORE OR
AFTER WE HAUL IN
THE CATCH?

YOU MAY HAVE
THE WRONG IDEA.



AH! THERE SHE
IS NOW.


YOU'RE
KIDDING ME.






WAS
"CERTAIN DOOM"
TAKEN?





I DON'T KNOW WHERE YOU CHILDREN CAME FROM, NOR DO I CARE.




I HAVE NO TIME TO TEACH PRESCHOOL, NOT WHILE MY CREW IS DEALING WITH ...




... A PLAGUE.

≡GULP≡



ONE BY ONE, THEY GROW LETHARGIC, THEIR GUMS TURN BLACK, AND THEIR TEETH FALL OUT.



THAT'S WHY THE THREE OF YOU WILL BE CONFINED TO THE BRIG UNTIL WE KNOW YOU ARE HEALTHY. THAT IS ALL.

BLACK GUMS,
TEETH FALLING OUT
... THAT ISN'T A
PLAGUE—THEY
HAVE SCURVY!

DOES THAT MEAN
THEIR FINGERS WILL
START FALLING OFF?

NOT LEPROSY,
SCURVY. THEY JUST
NEED VITAMIN C.

WE HAVE PLENTY
OF ORANGES IN
OUR SLED!

HEY!
CAPTAIN!

YEAH, BUT
THOSE ARE
OURS—

YOUR CREW ISN'T SICK—
THEY HAVE A VITAMIN
DEFICIENCY. IT'LL CLEAR
RIGHT UP IF WE GIVE
THEM SOME FRESH FRUIT.

NO NEED TO THANK US.
IT'S COMMON KNOWLEDGE.

LOCK HER IN
THE BRIG.

WITH PLEASURE,
SIR.

I TAKE IT BACK. A
SIMPLE "THANK YOU"
WOULD BE MORE
THAN ENOUGH.

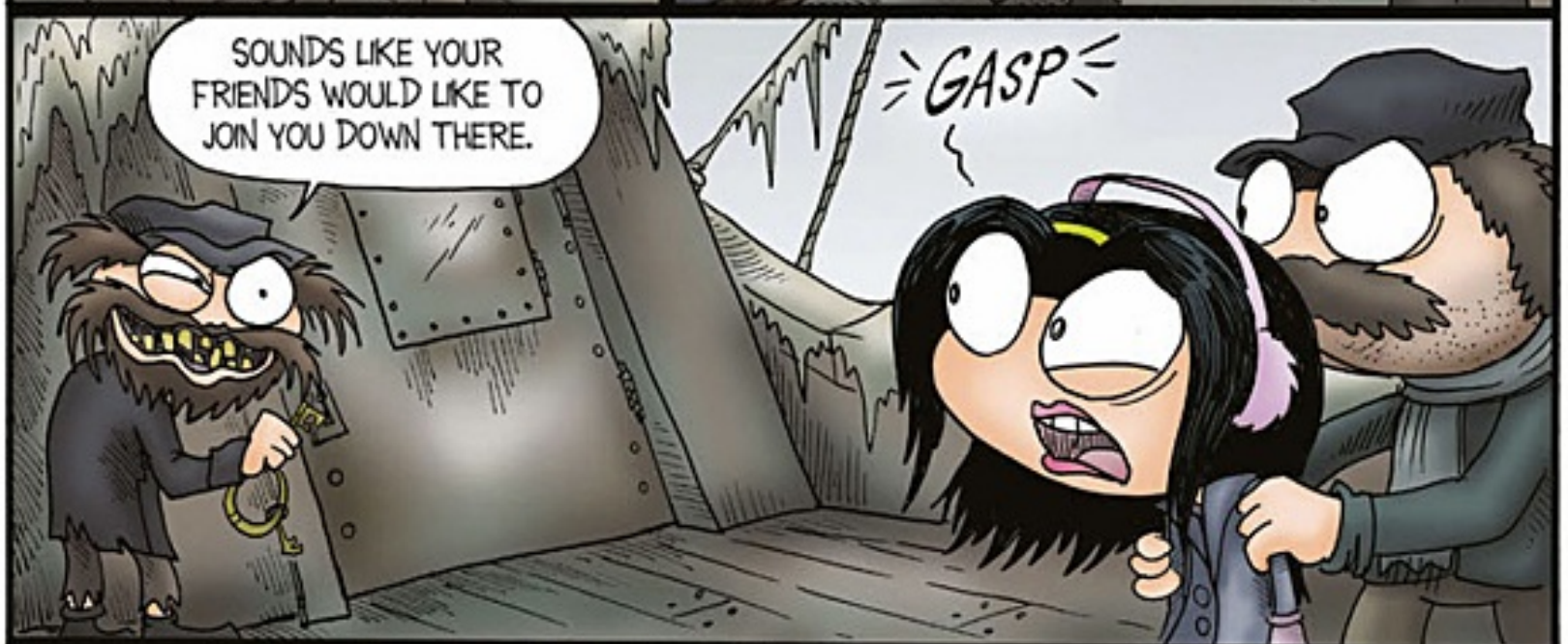


HEY! GET YOUR
FILTHY, SCURVY-RIDDEN
HANDS OFF MY SISTER!

STEADY. NO HARM
WILL COME TO HER.



HOLD ME
BACK!
HOLD ME
BACK!



SOUNDS LIKE YOUR
FRIENDS WOULD LIKE TO
JOIN YOU DOWN THERE.

≡GASP≡

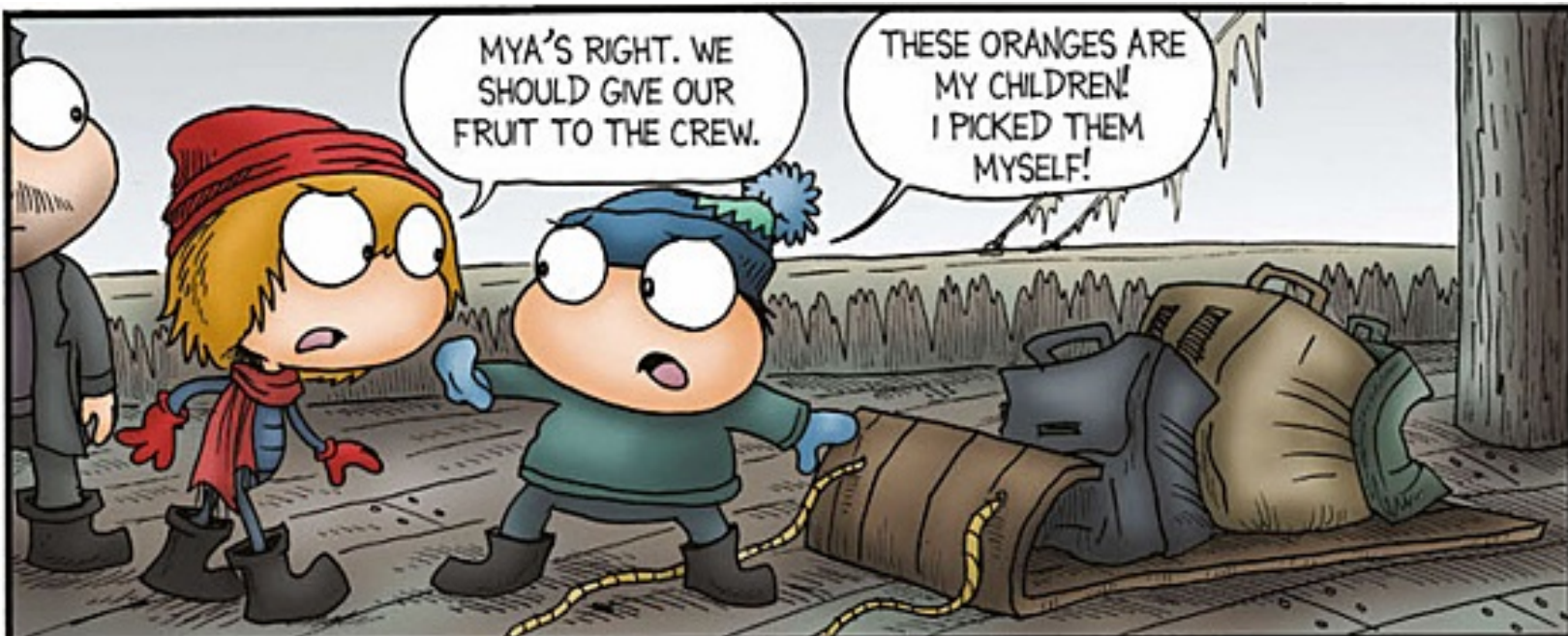


I'LL BE FINE!
YOU TWO HELP
THE CREW.

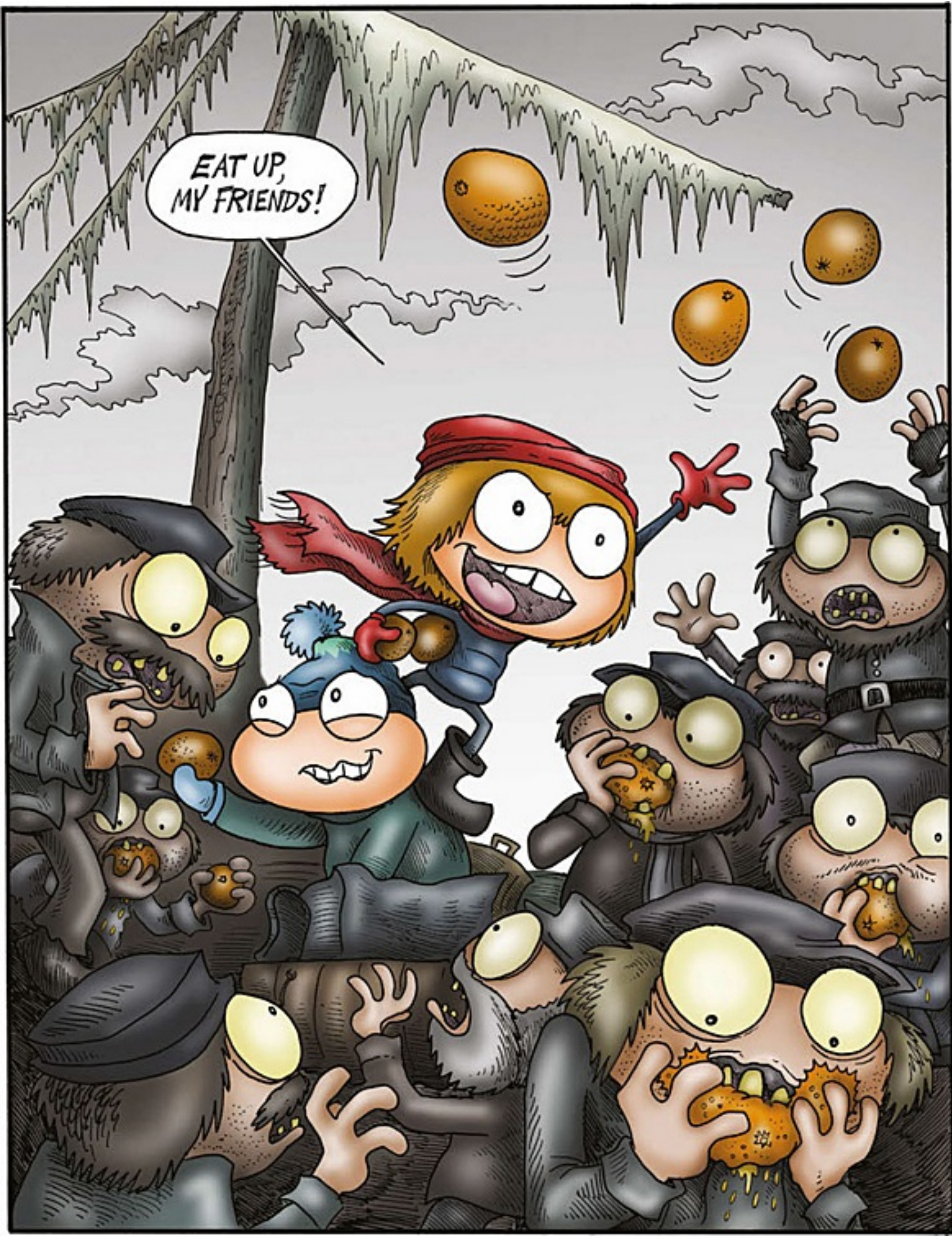


MOST FUN I'VE
HAD IN WEEKS.

SLAM!



EAT UP,
MY FRIENDS!







'TIS I, CAPTAIN FRANKLIN. AND WHAT DO THEY CALL YE??

MYA.

WELL THEN, MYA, I APOLOGIZE FOR THE ACCOMMODATIONS.

PLEASE—I'VE ESCAPED FROM TOUGHER CELLS THAN THIS.

SOMEHOW, I DON'T FIND THAT HARD TO BELIEVE. TELL ME, DO YOU KNOW WHY I HAD YOU PUT IN HERE?

YOU MUST NOT LIKE LOOKING DUMB IN FRONT OF A CROWD.



THAT SAID . . . I RESPECT YOU
FOR SPEAKING YOUR MIND.

UH?

AND THE CREW IS ALREADY SHOWING
SIGNS OF IMPROVEMENT. YOU MAY
HAVE SAVED THIS EXPEDITION,
YOUNG WOMAN.


THAT'S WHAT I WAS
TRYING TO TELL YOU!

YOU CAN GO FREE, BUT NO
MORE CHALLENGES.
UNDERSTOOD?


YOU'VE GOT
YOURSELF A DEAL!

A REAL FIRECRACKER,
YOU ARE.







IT'S ABOUT MORE
THAN JUST US, NOW.




WE SAILED HERE FROM A
WARM-WEATHER ISLAND.
IT WAS ONLY A FEW
HOURS' TRAVEL.




LIES! THERE'S NOTHING
BUT ICE AND ROCK
FROM ONE HORIZON
TO THE NEXT.



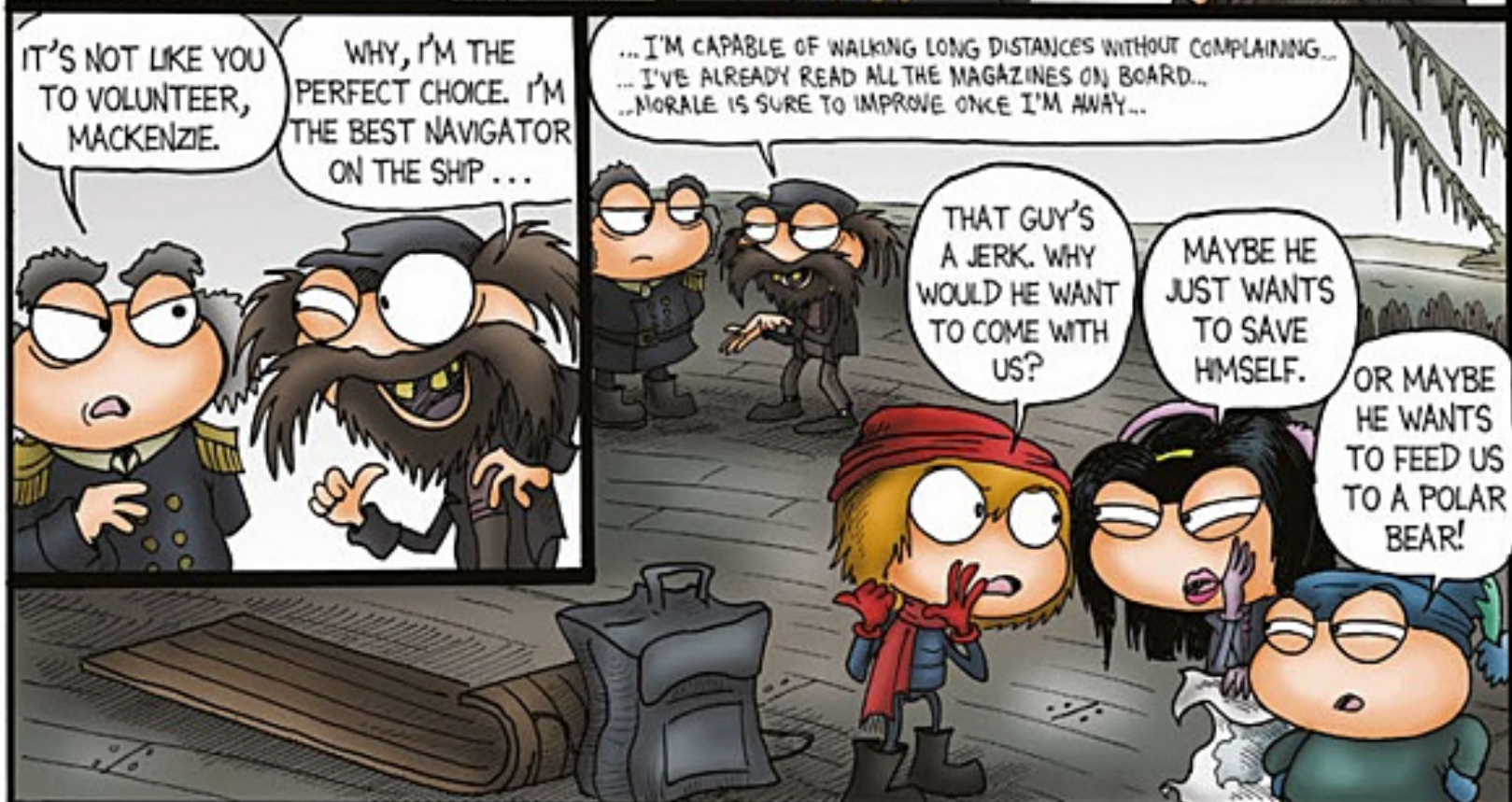
THEN HOW DID WE
GET HERE?



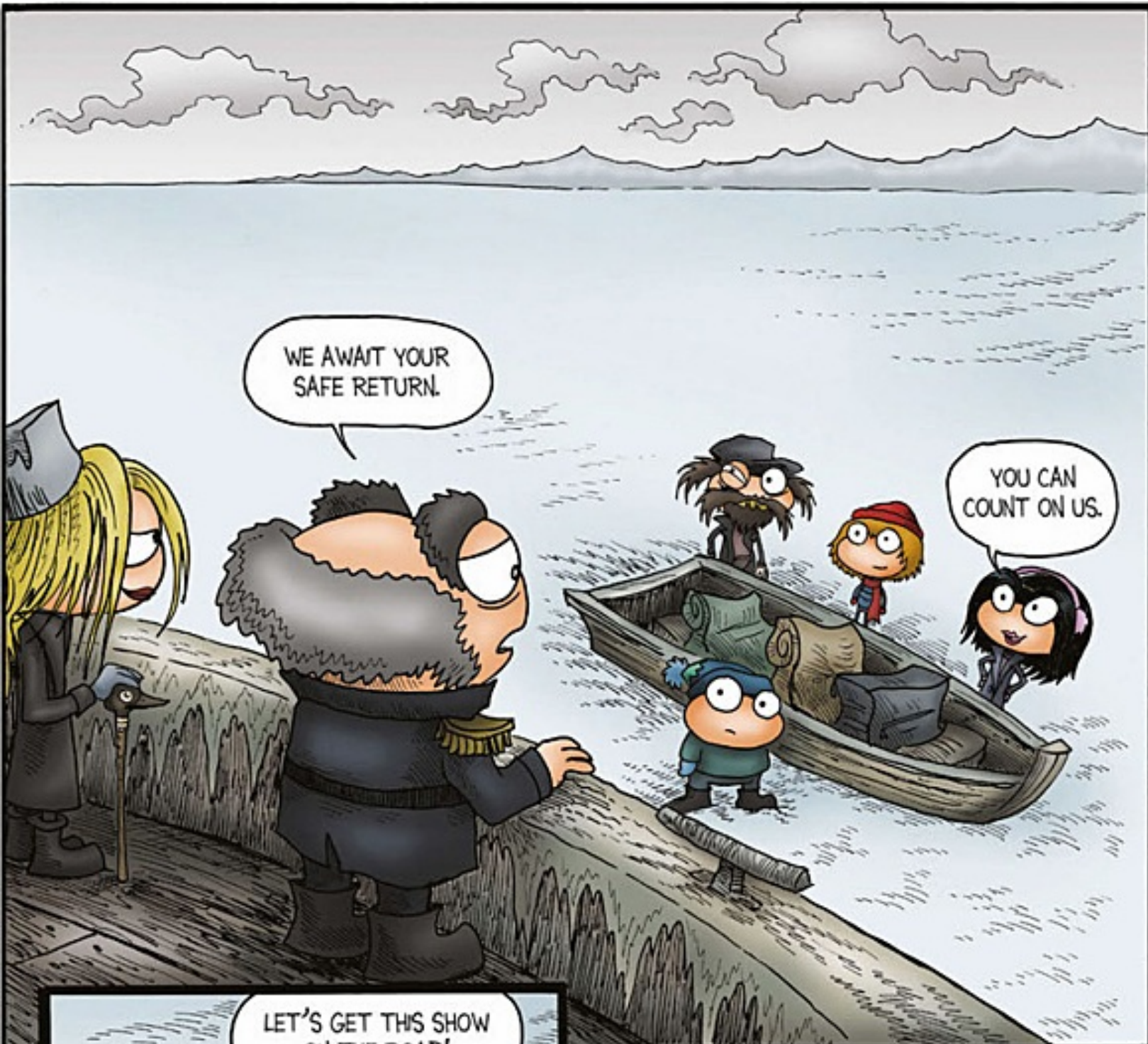
I'M TELLING YOU, WE SAILED HERE.
AND WITH THIS MAP, WE CAN GET
TO ANOTHER ISLAND AND SEND
HELP! ALL WE NEED IS A BOAT AND
ENOUGH SUPPLIES FOR THE
JOURNEY.



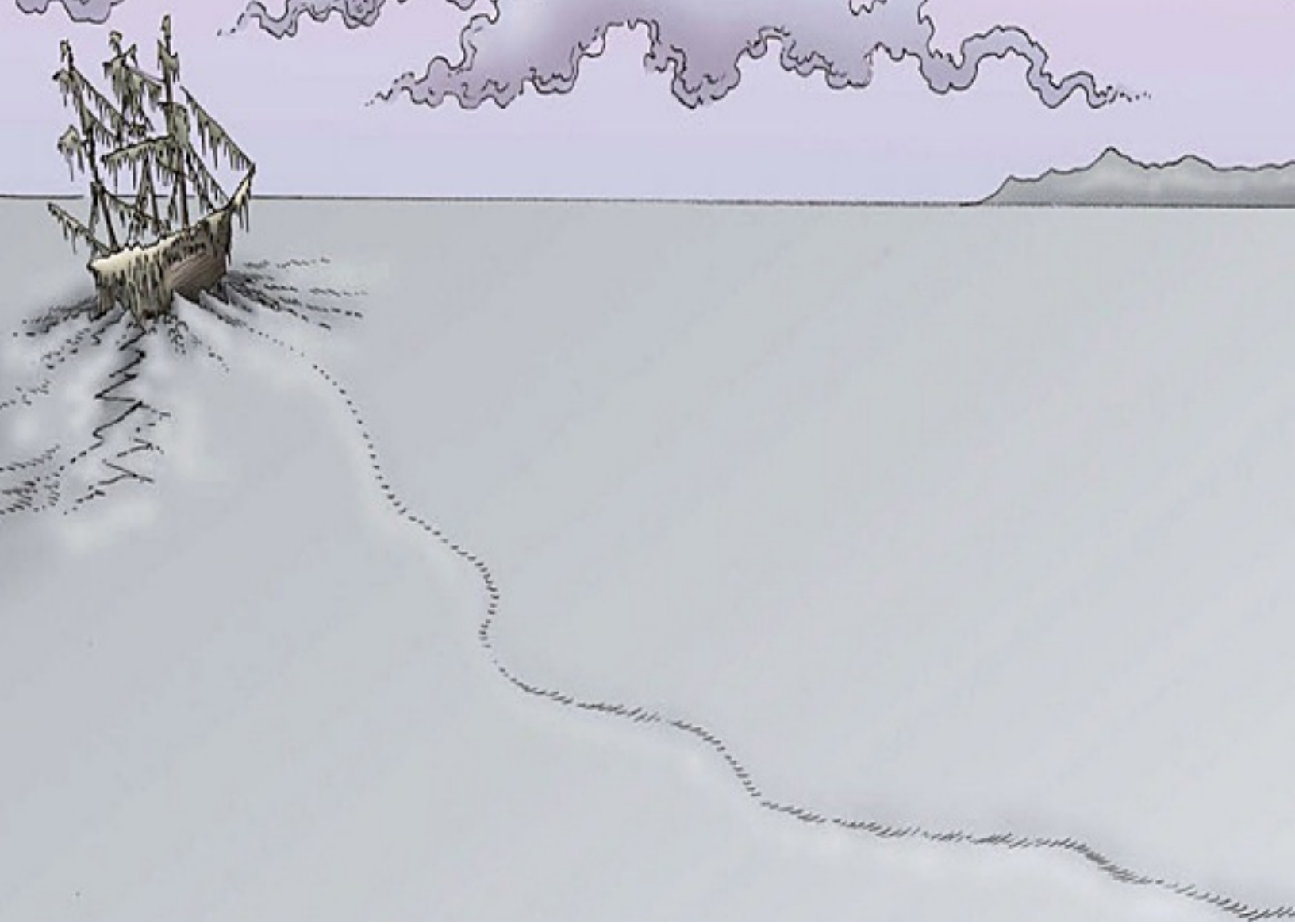
THAT IS ... IF
YOU'RE WILLING
TO SHARE WITH
US, CAPTAIN.

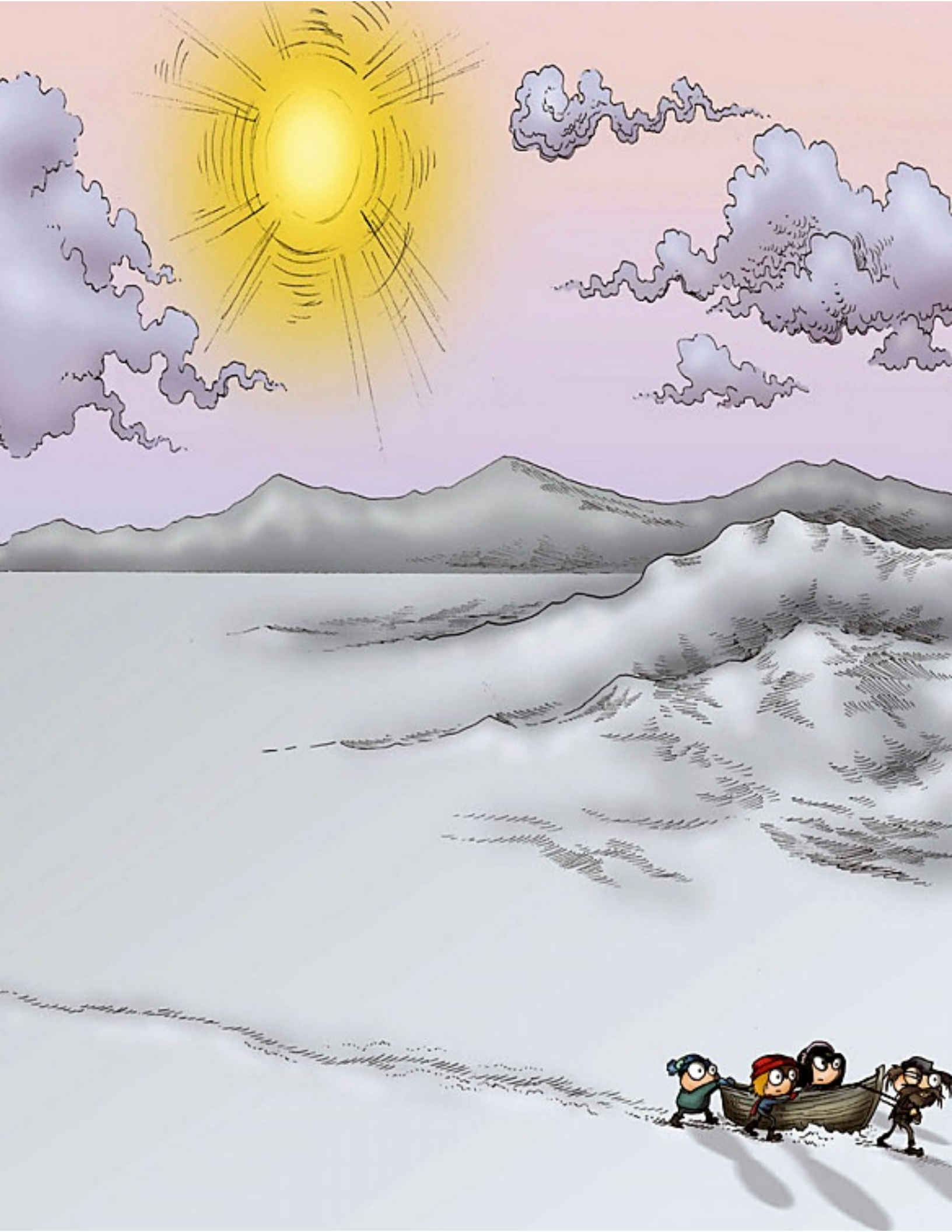






Chapter 6







IT...≧GRUNT≦
...WON'T BUDGE!



YOU COULD HELP
PULL THE BOAT,
YOU KNOW.



IT'S CALLED
DIVISION OF
LABOR.

LESS TALKING,
MORE HAULING!

WHAT'S YOUR
DEAL, ANYWAY,
DUDE?

MY DEAL?
MY DEAL? MY
DEAL IS I'VE
SPENT TWO
MISERABLE WINTERS
IN THIS WASTELAND.
I'LL NOT SPEND ONE
DAY MORE.

SO YOU'RE GOING TO BAIL
ON YOUR CAPTAIN, JUST
LIKE THAT?

YOU KNOW NOTHING OF
STRUGGLE, LITTLE ONE.
NOTHING.

YOU'D BETTER PRAY THAT
THE DAY NEVER COMES
WHEN YOU HAVE TO MAKE THE KINDS
OF CHOICES I'VE HAD TO.

NOT BRUSHING YOUR
TEETH—WAS THAT A CHOICE?

YOU'D BE
SURPRISED.

LAUGH IT UP.
I REFUSE TO DIE
OUT HERE.

WHAT'S GOING ON UP HERE?
GETTING TO KNOW
EACH OTHER?

SOON AFTER...

THIS ISN'T
POSSIBLE.

I KNOW IT LOOKS
BAD, BUT WE MADE
IT UP ONCE BEFORE.

NO—THIS IS A
PHYSICAL IMPOSSIBILITY.
THERE'S NO
MOUNTAIN HERE!

HAVE YOU LOST
YOUR MARBLES?
THAT'S A MOUNTAIN.

AND THIS
IS SNOW.

I SEE THE
DANGED
MOUNTAIN!

SO ARE YOU
JUST MESSING
WITH US,
OR...?

LISTEN: WHEN
WE SAILED
THESE STRAITS
TWO YEARS AGO,
THERE WAS NO
MOUNTAIN HERE.

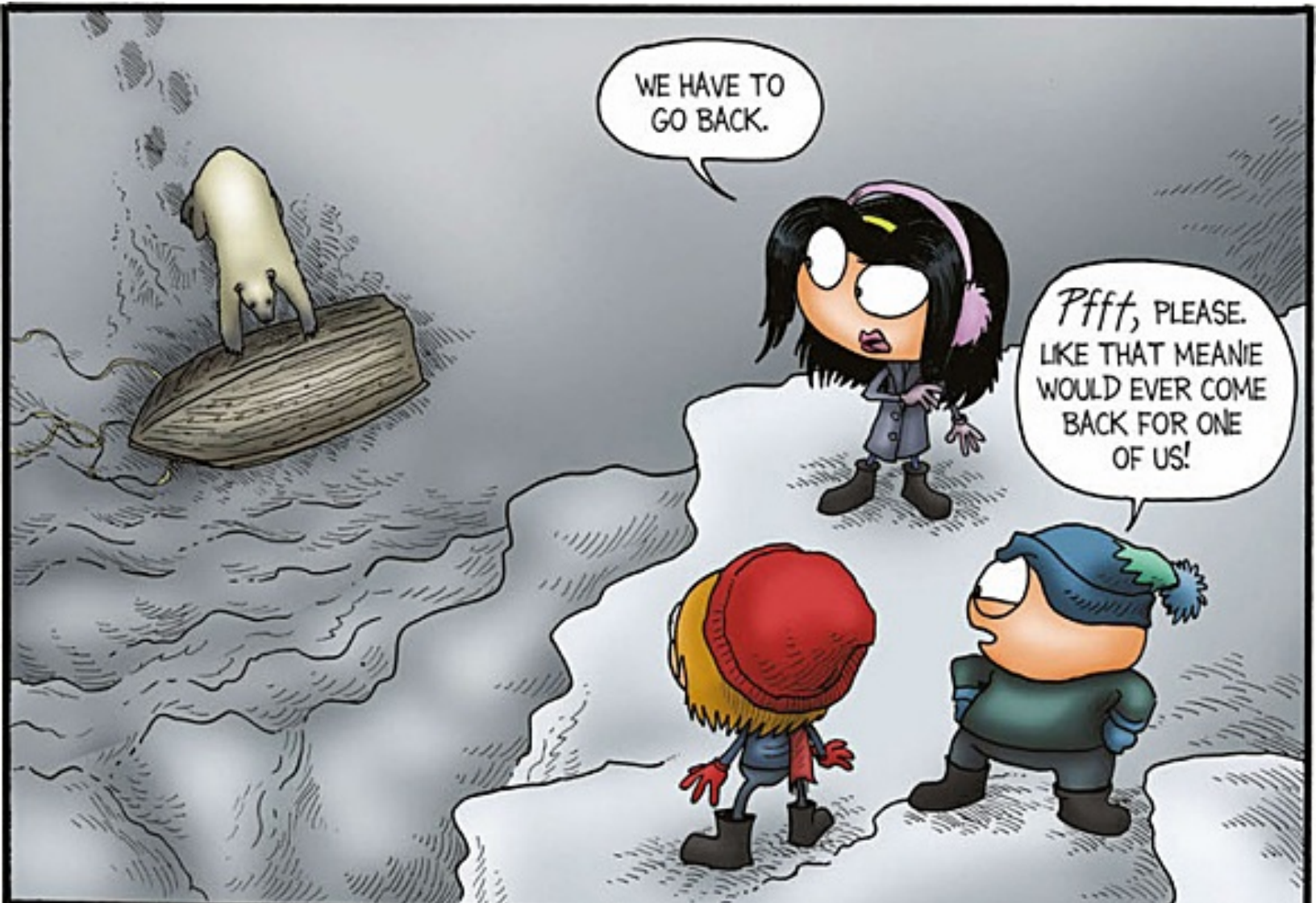
I'M NO GEOLOGIST, BUT I
DON'T THINK A MOUNTAIN
CAN FORM THAT FAST.

THIS IS BAD
MOJO...

"BAD MOJO" WOULD
BE A GOOD NAME
FOR THAT BEAR!







WE HAVE TO
GO BACK.

Pfft, PLEASE.
LIKE THAT MEANIE
WOULD EVER COME
BACK FOR ONE
OF US!

MYA'S RIGHT. MACKENZIE
IS A DOOF, BUT WE HAVE
TO HELP HIM.

HIM? WE NEED
THAT BOAT!

AH...

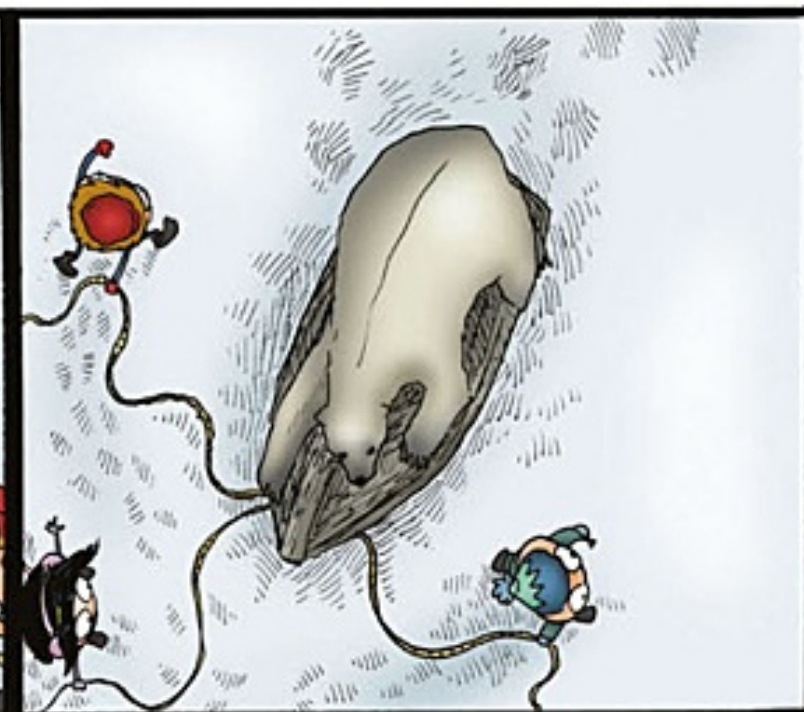


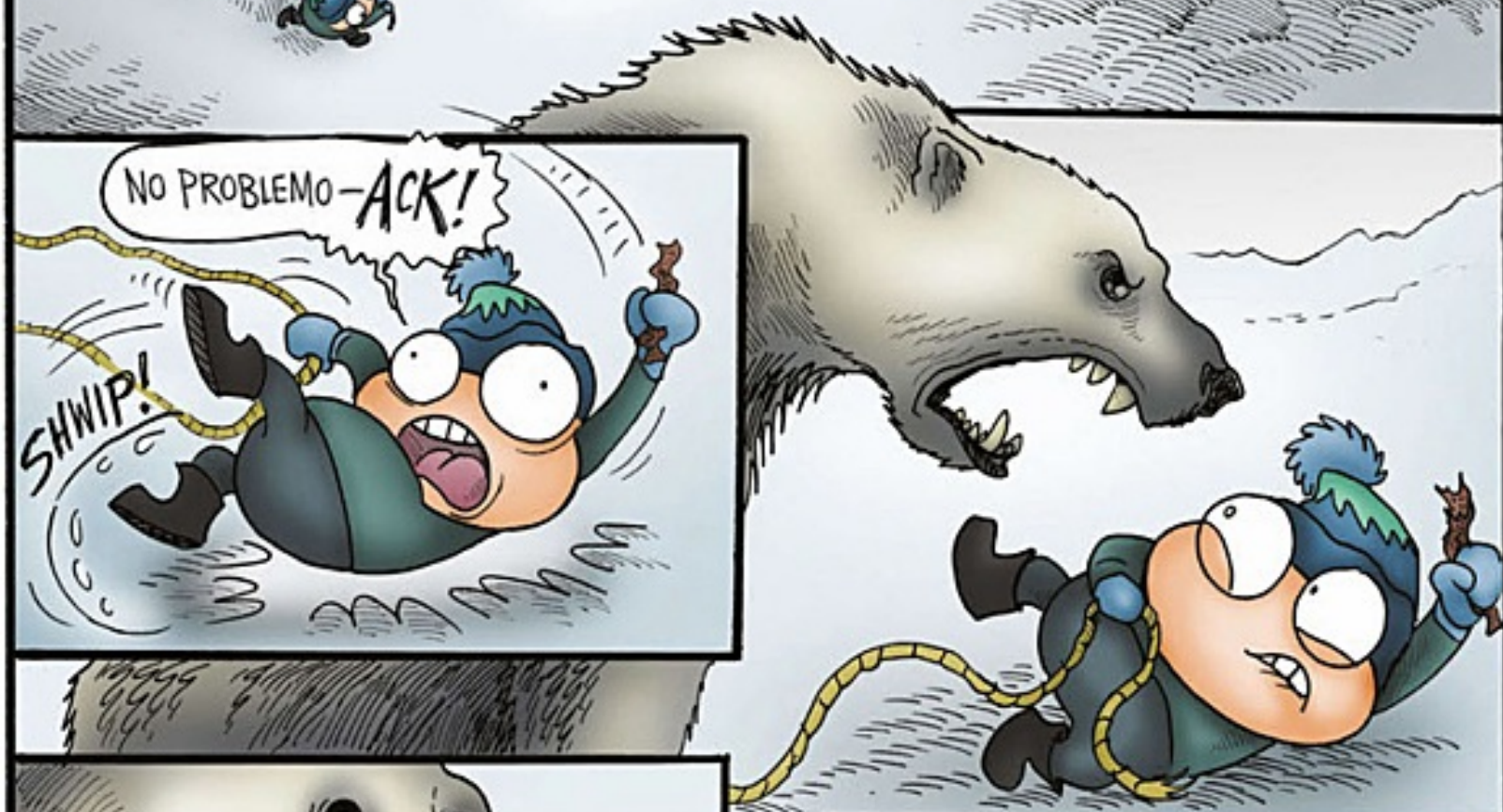
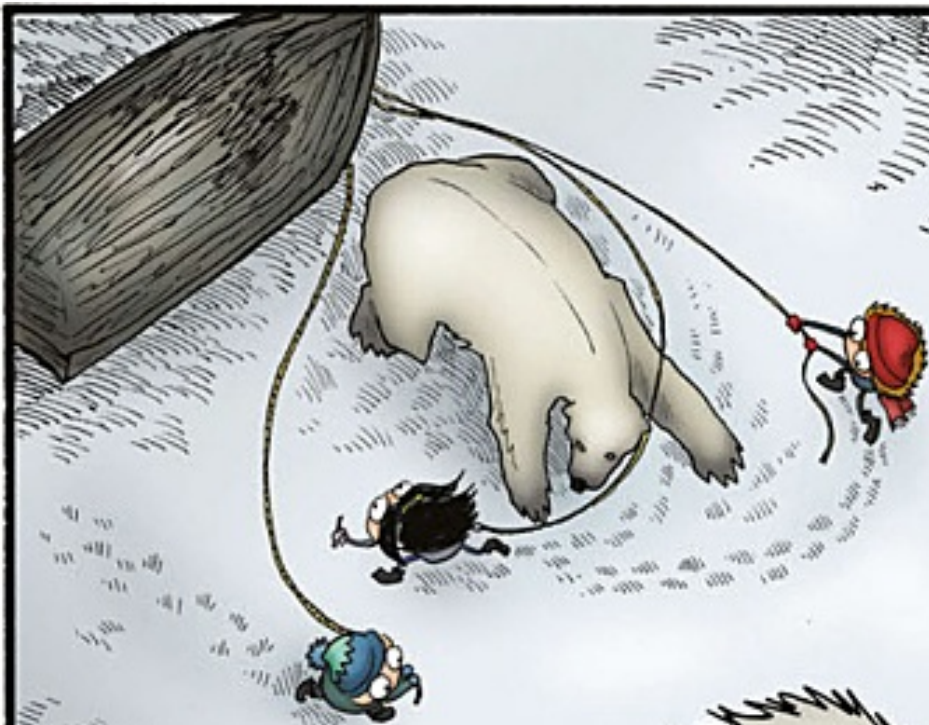
LAST CHANCE TO LET
MACKENZIE RISE TO
THE OCCASION.

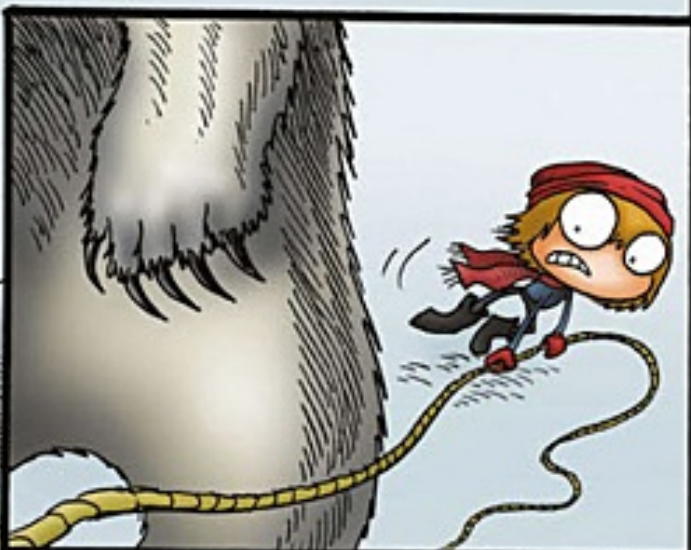
JUST KEEP
MOVING.



EVERYBODY
SPREAD OUT!









THERE'S NO FIXING IT.
WE'VE GOT TO GO BACK
TO THE TERROR.

WE WERE SO
CLOSE ...

I KNEW THAT GUY
WAS BAD NEWS!

I SAY WE HIT HIM
OVER THE HEAD
WITH AN OAR.

IF THERE'S ONE OF THOSE
PEOPLE WITH THE TATTOOS
ON THIS ISLAND, IT'S GOT TO
BE MACKENZIE. NO QUESTION.

MAYBE IT'S
ON HIS BUTT.

I DON'T LIKE HIM ANYMORE THAN YOU DO,
BUT YOU NEED PROOF.

HE ALMOST GOT
US KILLED!

SO HE'S A COWARD.
IT DOESN'T MAKE HIM
A MEMBER OF SOME
SECRET SOCIETY.

FINE. THEN WE'LL PROVE THAT
HE'S IN LEAGUE WITH THEM.

IF YOU KIDS DON'T PICK UP
THE PACE, I'M LEAVING YOU
OUT HERE!

FOR ALL OF OUR SAKES,
I HOPE YOU FIND OUT HOW.

LATER...

BACK ALREADY?
WHAT HAPPENED?

WE FOUGHT OFF A MIGHTY
POLAR BEAR! TRULY AN EPIC
BATTLE. A TEAM EFFORT.

WHAT?
YOU—

SADLY, THE LIFEBOAT WAS
WRECKED, AND WE HAD NO
CHOICE BUT TO TURN BACK.

BUT
HE—

HE'S RIGHT.
WE ALL
FOUGHT THE
BEAR OFF
TOGETHER.

WE'VE HAD BAD NEWS OF
OUR OWN. CAPTAIN FRANKLIN
DESERTED US.

WHAT?

I COULDN'T BELIEVE IT EITHER.
I SAW HIM RUNNING TOWARD THE
HORIZON. HE WAS HOLDING SOME
RECTANGULAR DEVICE AND
SHOUTING INTO IT.

A RADIO... DOES THAT MEAN
CAPTAIN FRANKLIN IS THE ONE
WITH THE TATTOO?

WHAT A
TWIST!

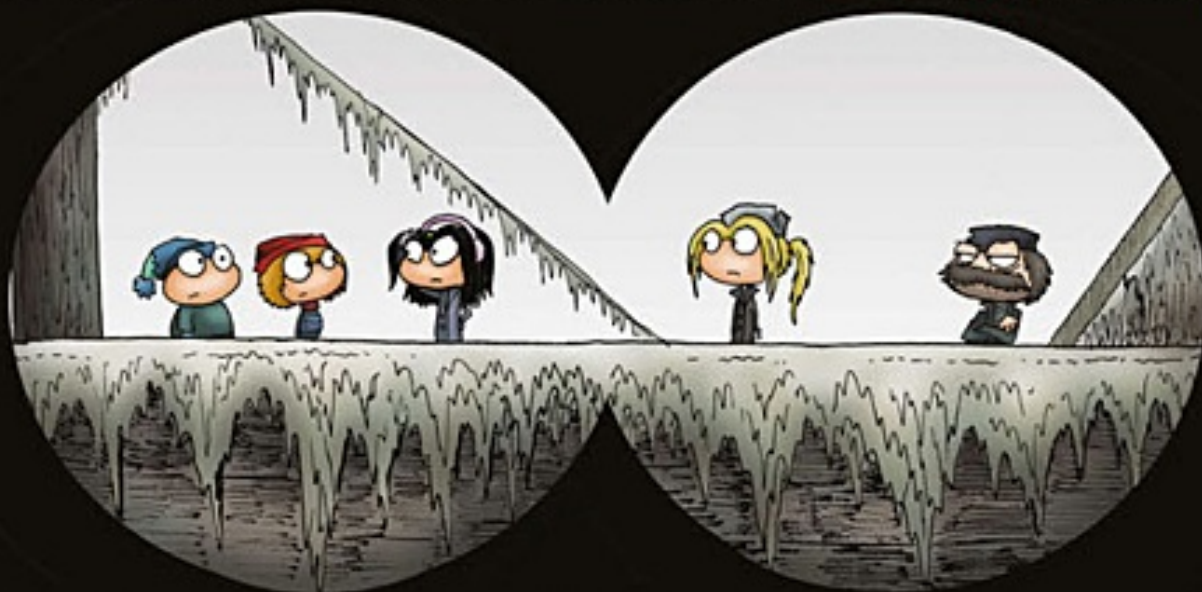
I DON'T BELIEVE IT. LET ME TAKE A
LOOK AT HIS STATEROOM.

NO ONE'S ALLOWED INSIDE.

IF CAPTAIN FRANKLIN'S
GONE, HE WON'T CARE.

SORRY, MYA.

WHAT *ELSE* COULD
GO WRONG?



GOT YOU
NOW.

CAPTAIN FRANKLIN NEVER WOULD HAVE LEFT THE SHIP BEHIND. I NEED TO GET INTO HIS STATEROOM. I'M SURE THERE IS SOMETHING IN THERE THAT WILL PROVE HIS INNOCENCE.

I STILL THINK IT'S MACKENZIE. IF IT LOOKS LIKE A DUCK, WALKS LIKE A DUCK, AND SMELLS LIKE A GARBAGE CAN...



WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING WITHOUT PROOF. THAT TATTOO IS THE EVIDENCE WE NEED.

MAYBE WE COULD BRIBE HIM WITH A BITE OF CHOCOLATE.

IF ONLY THERE WERE SOME WAY WE COULD GET MACKENZIE ALONE AND CHECK FOR IT...

THAT'S IT!



I WAS KIDDING!
IT'S MINE!

NO, JORGE. I KNOW HOW WE CAN GET MACKENZIE OFF THE SHIP!
LISTEN CAREFULLY...



THEN...

LOVELY DAY FOR A STROLL, EH, CHUM?

YOU SAID IT, OLD BEAN. I...

... OH, I DON'T FEEL SO GOOD!

DEAR ME! WHAT EVER IS WRONG WITH MY GOOD FRIEND JORGE?

I SAID, WHAT EVER IS WRONG?

JORGE! WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

YEEAARGH!

HE'S GOT THE ICE MADNESS!

AAIEEE!

JORGE?

MACKENZIE! HELP ME CATCH HIM BEFORE HE HURTS HIMSELF!

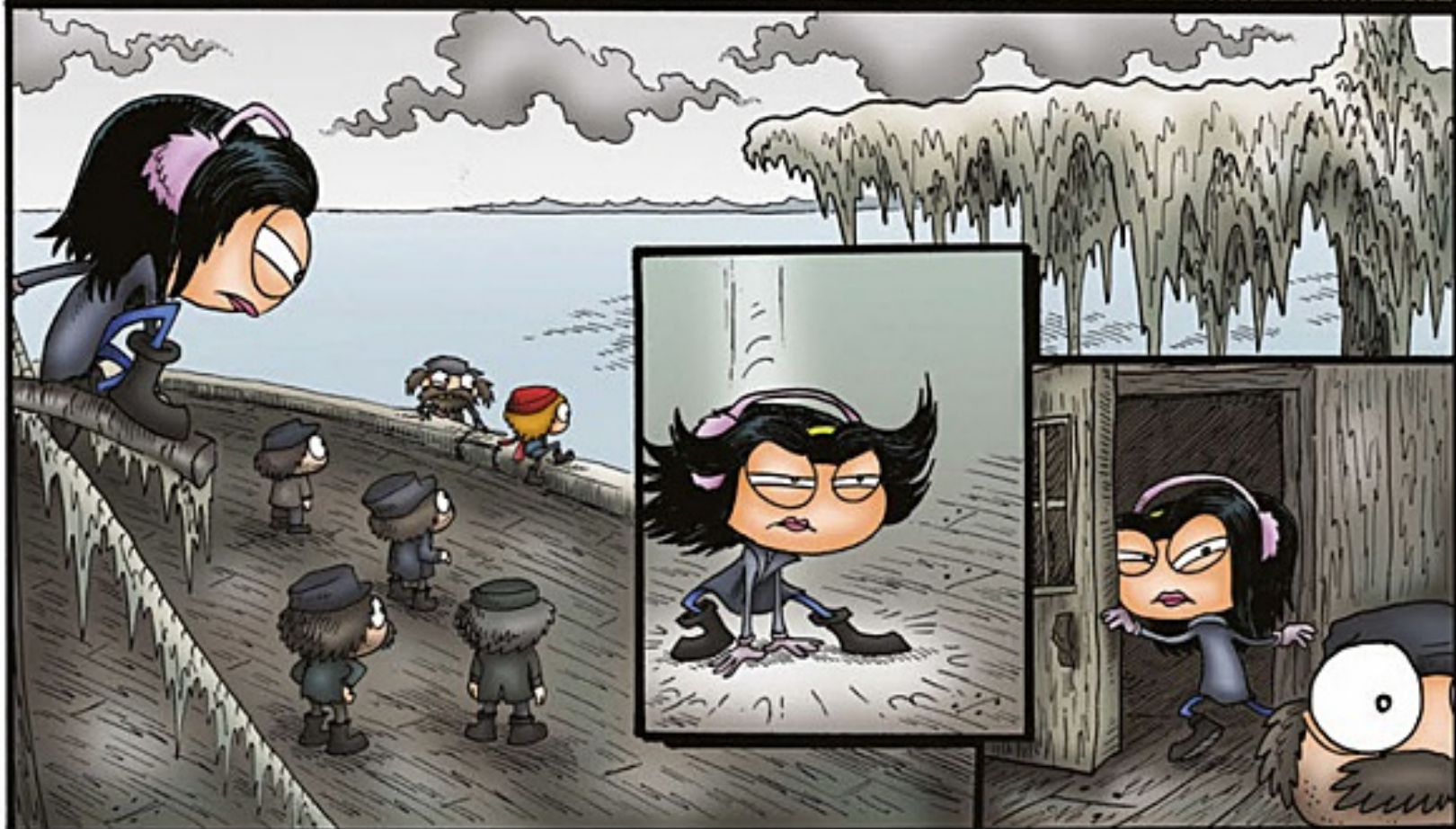
ME? WHY SHOULD I?

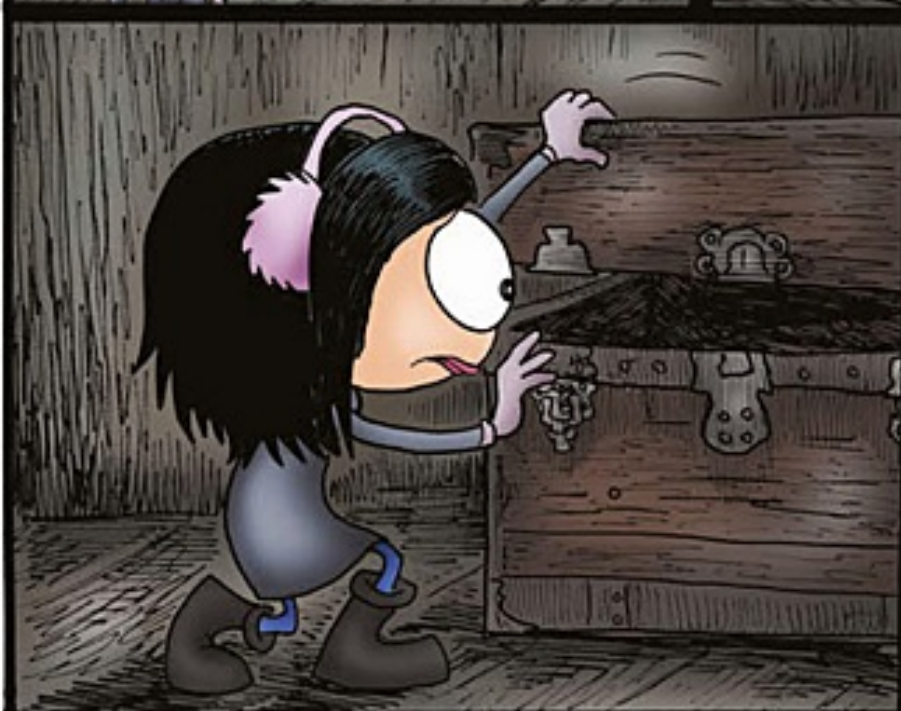
OTHERWISE, I'LL TELL EVERYBODY THAT YOU HAD LIKE A BABY WHEN THAT POLAR BEAR ATTACKED US.

I RELUCTANTLY ACCEPT YOUR OFFER.

BEEN A FAIR TIME SINCE WE'VE HAD A GOOD OLD CASE OF THE ICE MADNESS.

AYE, GLAD IT WEREN'T ME!





Chapter 7

IF YOU'LL JUST
HOLD STILL—

NOW!

GOT YOU.

JORGE, YOU
DO CRAZY
REALLY
WELL.

AW, SHUCKS.
EVERYONE IS
BORN WITH ONE
SPECIAL SKILL.

WHAT ARE YOU
DOING?

WE KNOW
YOU'RE ONE
OF THEM.

ONE OF WHO?
I DON'T
UNDERSTAND.

LET'S TAKE A LOOK
AT THAT TATTOO.

RIP!



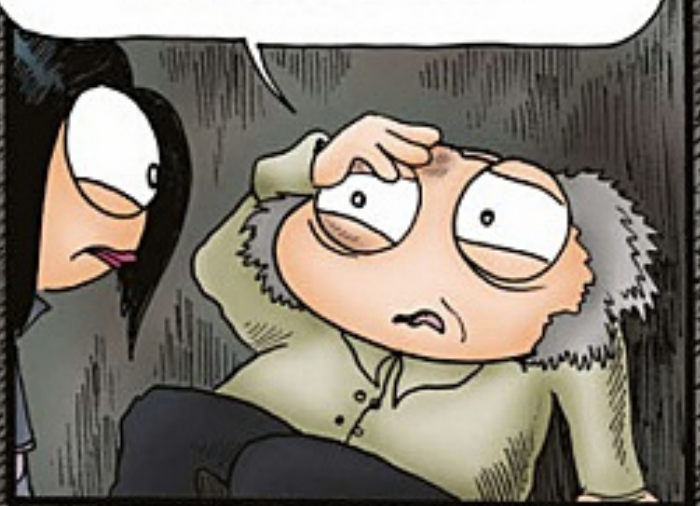


WHO DID THIS
TO YOU?

I'M AFRAID I
DON'T KNOW.



I NEVER SAW ANYONE. I CAN'T IMAGINE
WHO ON MY CREW WOULD—



≡ GASP ≡

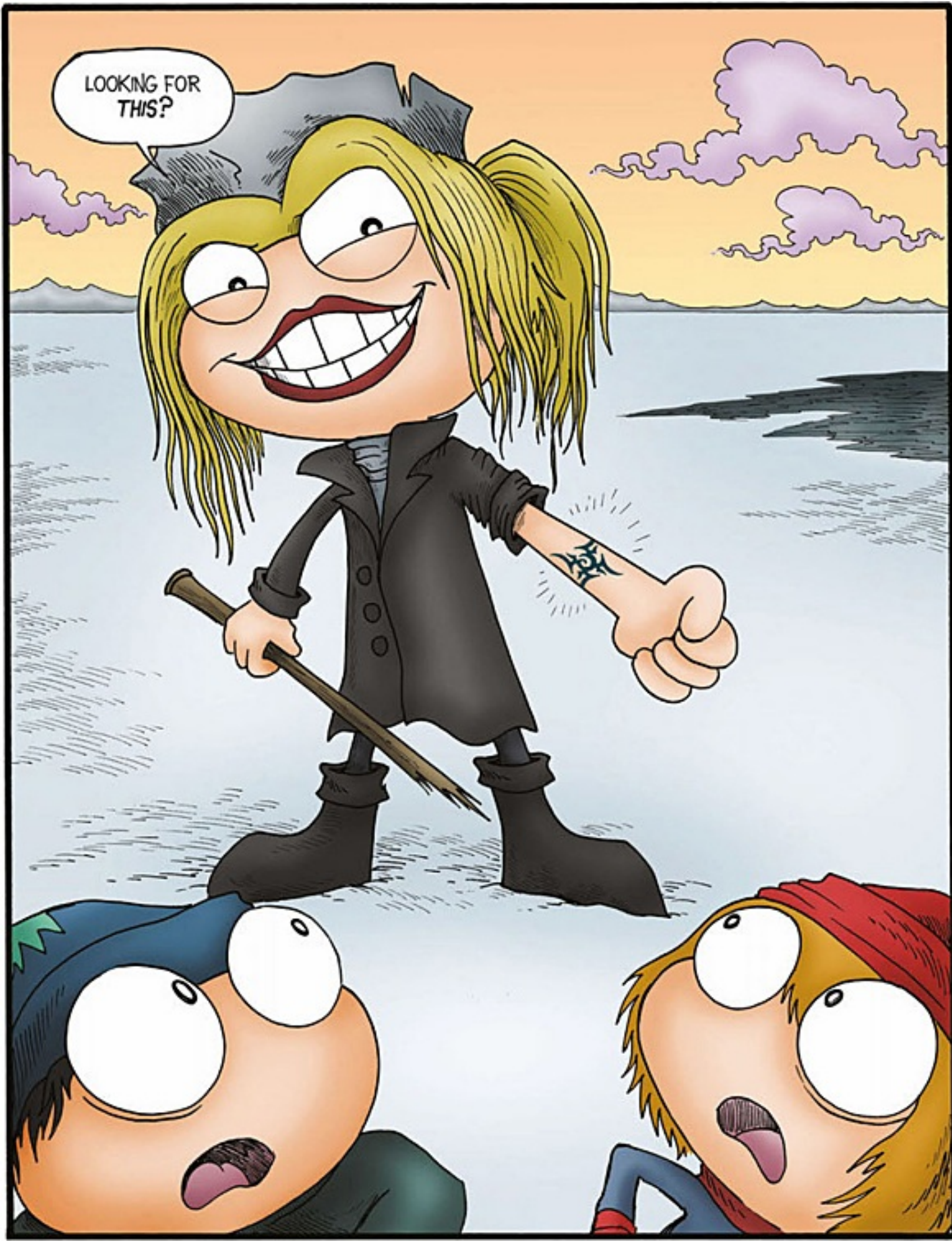



CAPTAIN, I KNOW WHO
ATTACKED YOU...

... AND WE NEED
TO STOP HER!




LOOKING FOR
THIS?






I'VE GOT THEM. MAKE SURE HE KNOWS IT WAS ME, ROGERS! I CAPTURED THEM.




ROGERS! HOW COULD YOU?




IT'S ALWAYS THE LAST ONE YOU SUSPECT ...




THIS CHARADE HAS GONE ON LONG ENOUGH. I WAS CONTENT TO RUN OUT THE CLOCK AND LET THAT IMBECILIC CAPTAIN FRANKLIN TURN INTO A POPSTICK OUT HERE, BUT YOU'VE FORCED MY HAND. I CAN'T LET YOU ENDANGER POPTROPICA ANY FURTHER.




WHAT-TROPICA?




POP-WHAT-ICA?



OH, THAT'S RICH. YOU MUNCHKINS ARE DANGLING POPTROPICA OVER THE PRECIPICE, AND YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW YOU'RE DOING IT! ALL THE MORE REASON TO GET RID OF YOU.



Y'KNOW, BEFORE SENDING US TO OUR WATERY DOOM, YOU COULD HUMOR US AND EXPLAIN WHY.



WHY NOT? THEY WON'T BE EXPECTING US BACK ON THE TERROR FOR SOME TIME.

THE ISLANDS OF POPTROPICA ARE SEPARATE, AND MEANT TO STAY THAT WAY. IT'S OUR JOB TO MAKE SURE THEY DO.

WHY?
WHAT'S THE DIFFERENCE?

DO YOU KNOW WHAT AN INVASIVE SPECIES IS?

YOU MEAN,
LIKE, ALIENS?

NO, JORGE. IT'S WHEN A PLANT OR ANIMAL IS INTRODUCED TO A PLACE THAT ISN'T PREPARED TO HANDLE IT, AND IT ... WRECKS EVERYTHING.

YES, INVASIVE SPECIES CAN DESTROY ENTIRE ECOSYSTEMS. NOW IMAGINE AN ECOSYSTEM THAT REACHES ACROSS SPACE AND TIME, AND IMAGINE IT AT THE MERCY OF CRETINS LIKE YOU AND OCTAVIAN!

WHOA, OCTAVIAN?
WE'VE GOT NOTHING TO DO WITH THAT GUY.

OCTAVIAN'S THE ONE WHO GOT US ALL MIXED UP IN THIS THING TO START WITH!

NO MATTER. I'M SURE HE'S BEING TAKEN CARE OF AS WE SPEAK—WHICH, I MIGHT ADD, WE'VE BEEN YAPPING FOR FAR TOO LONG.

WHY DON'T YOU STEP INTO THAT WATER, NICE AND QUIET-LIKE. IT'LL BE MUCH EASIER FOR ME TO EXPLAIN TO THE OTHERS THAT YOU DROWNED.

NO WAY! YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO PUSH US IN.



SIX OF ONE, HALF-DOZEN OF THE OTHER.



IT WAS WORTH A TRY.

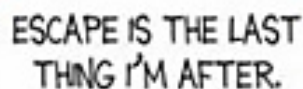
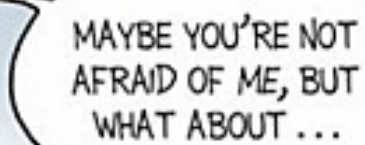


AT LEAST UNDERSTAND THAT THIS IS FOR THE GREATER GOOD.



CRACK!







WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS?

psst!

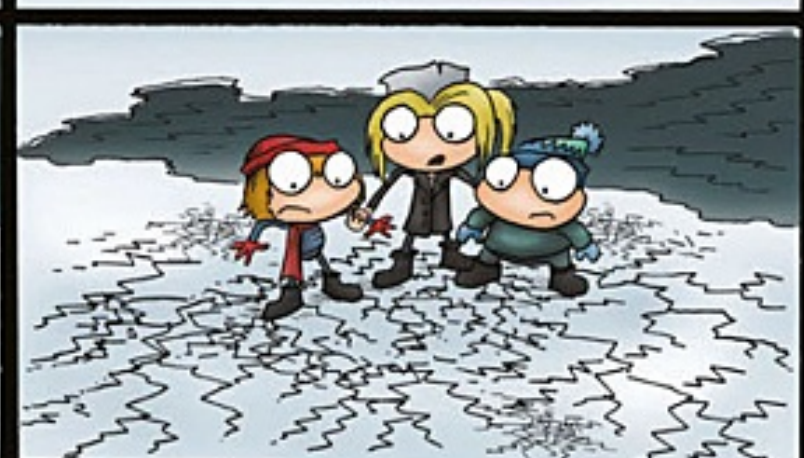
YOU KIDS KNOW NOTHING! ALL OF
CIVILIZATION HANGS IN THE BALANCE!

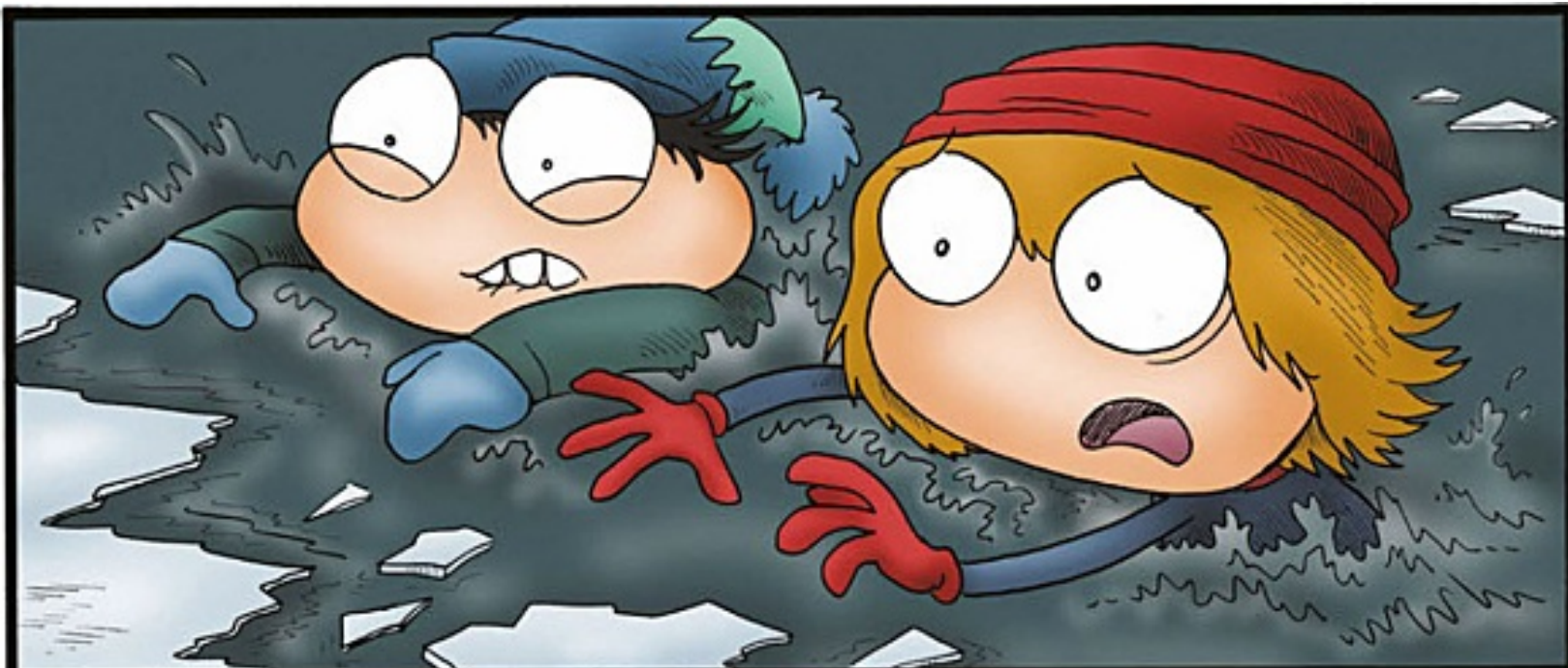
YOU THINK YOU CAN JUST
FIDDLE WITH THE TIME LINE
WITH NO CONSEQUENCES!

OUR LIVES ARE A SMALL
PRICE TO PAY TO—

psst!

FOR CRYING
OUT LOUD,
OLIVER,
WHAT IS IT?





YOU'LL NEVER SURVIVE
OUT THERE!

SWIM BACK! WE'LL
HELP YOU!

WELL ...
MAYBE ...

... HUH?

AAAAAEE!

ROGERS, WHAT'S YOUR
STATUS? REPORT!

LATER...

I MAY NEVER KNOW
WHO LIEUTENANT
ROGERS WAS WORKING
FOR AND WHY.

YET I ADMIRE HER
DEVOTION TO HER DUTY.

YOU ADMIRE HER? SHE
TRIED TO KILL US!

MYA, SOMETIMES
DUTY IS ALL WE
HAVE TO HOLD
ON TO.

TELL ME, MYA:
WHAT IS YOUR
DUTY?

TO GET US
HOME.

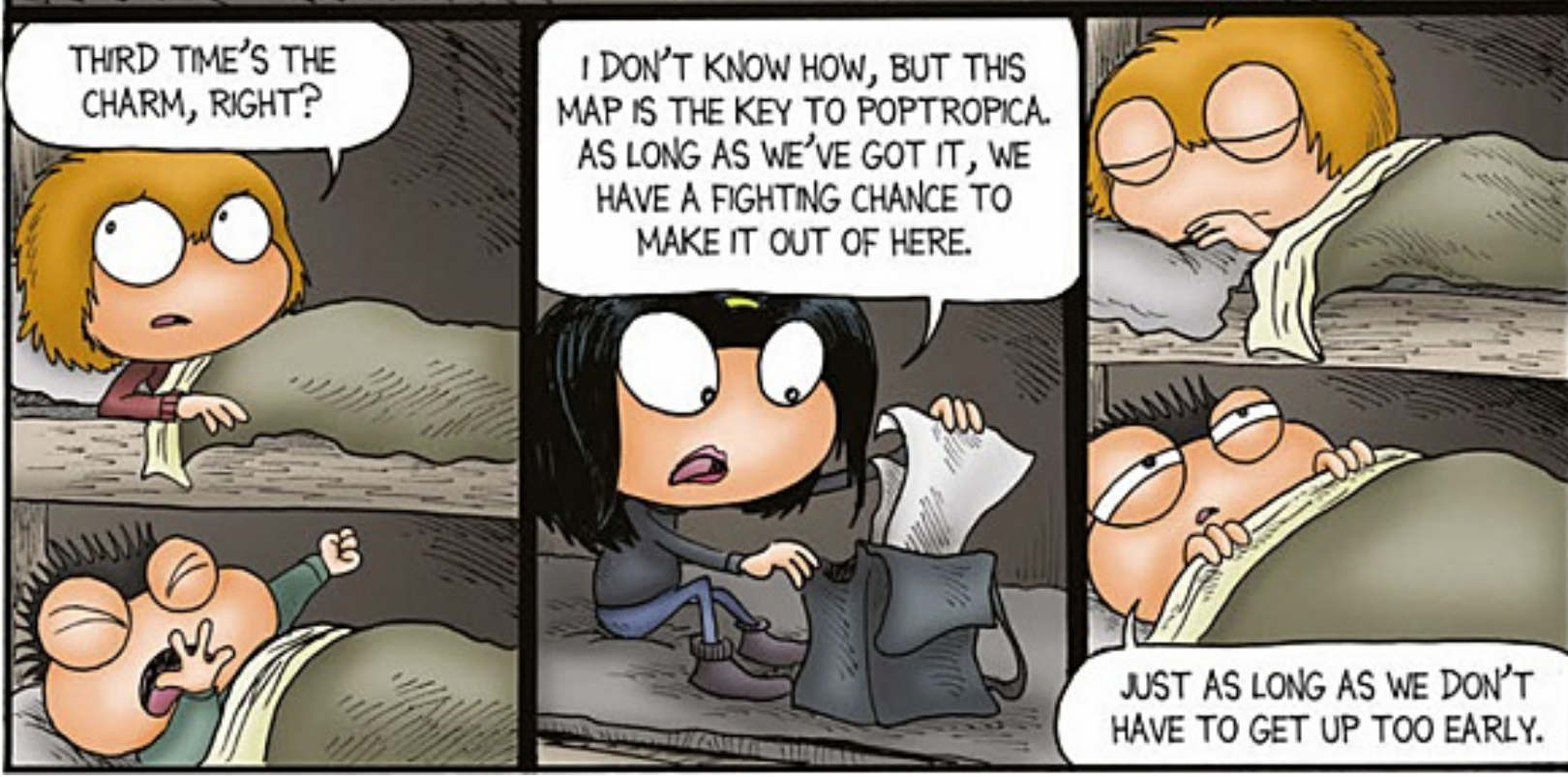
THEN YOU MUST DO
SO. WHATEVER IT
TAKES.

BUT HOW?

THAT IS FOR
YOU TO FIGURE OUT.



TOMORROW, WE'RE LEAVING. THERE MUST BE A WAY OUT OF HERE.



THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM, RIGHT?

I DON'T KNOW HOW, BUT THIS MAP IS THE KEY TO POPTROPICA. AS LONG AS WE'VE GOT IT, WE HAVE A FIGHTING CHANCE TO MAKE IT OUT OF HERE.

JUST AS LONG AS WE DON'T HAVE TO GET UP TOO EARLY.

Chapter 8



HEY, CHECK
THAT OUT.

HMM?

MUST BE THE
AURORA BOREALIS.

THE WHAT? I
DON'T SPEAK
SPANISH.

THE NORTHERN
LIGHTS, DUMMY.

THRUM-THRUM-
THRUM

THRUM-THRUM-
THRUM

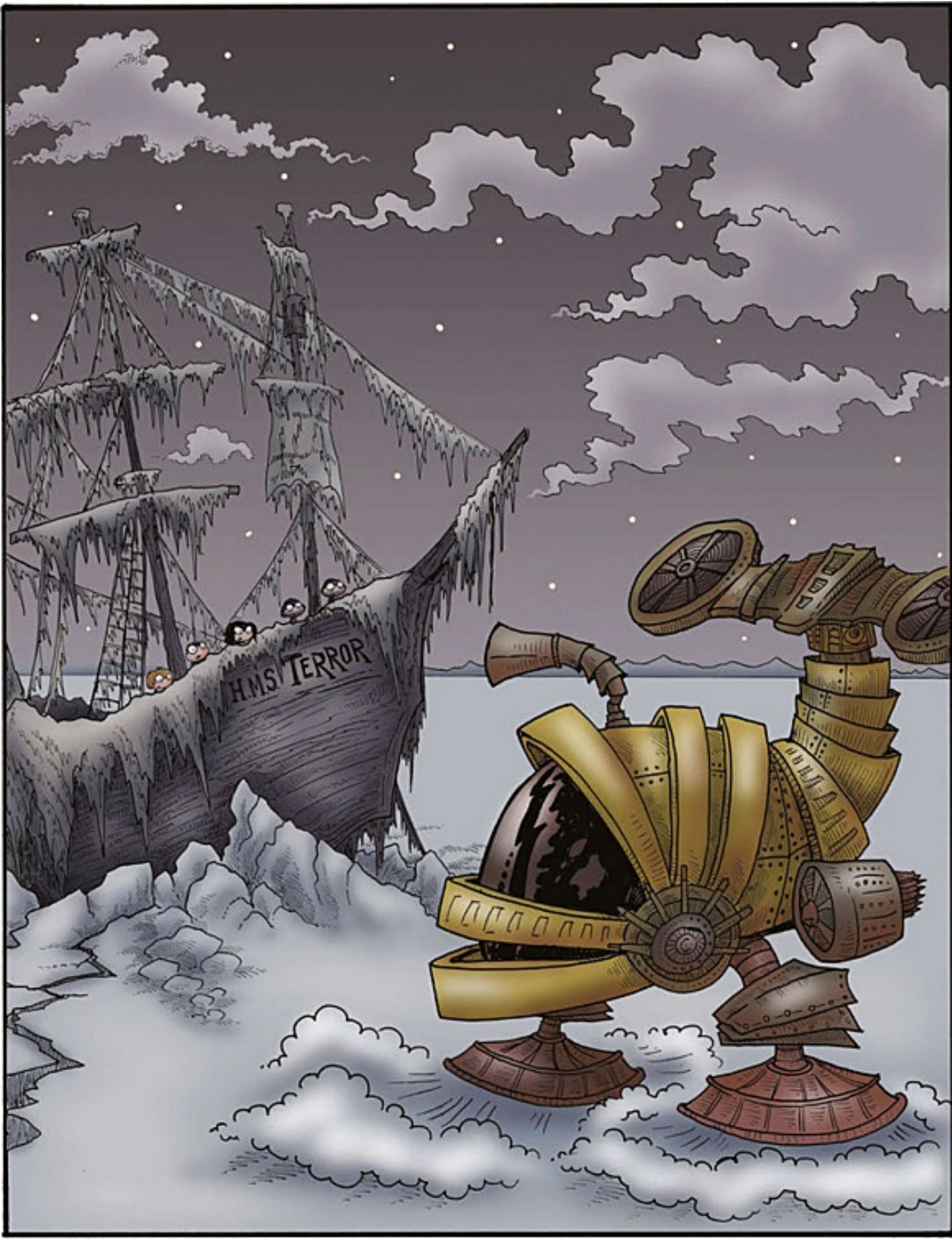
I NEVER HEARD NO
NORTHERN LIGHTS MAKE
A SOUND LIKE THAT!

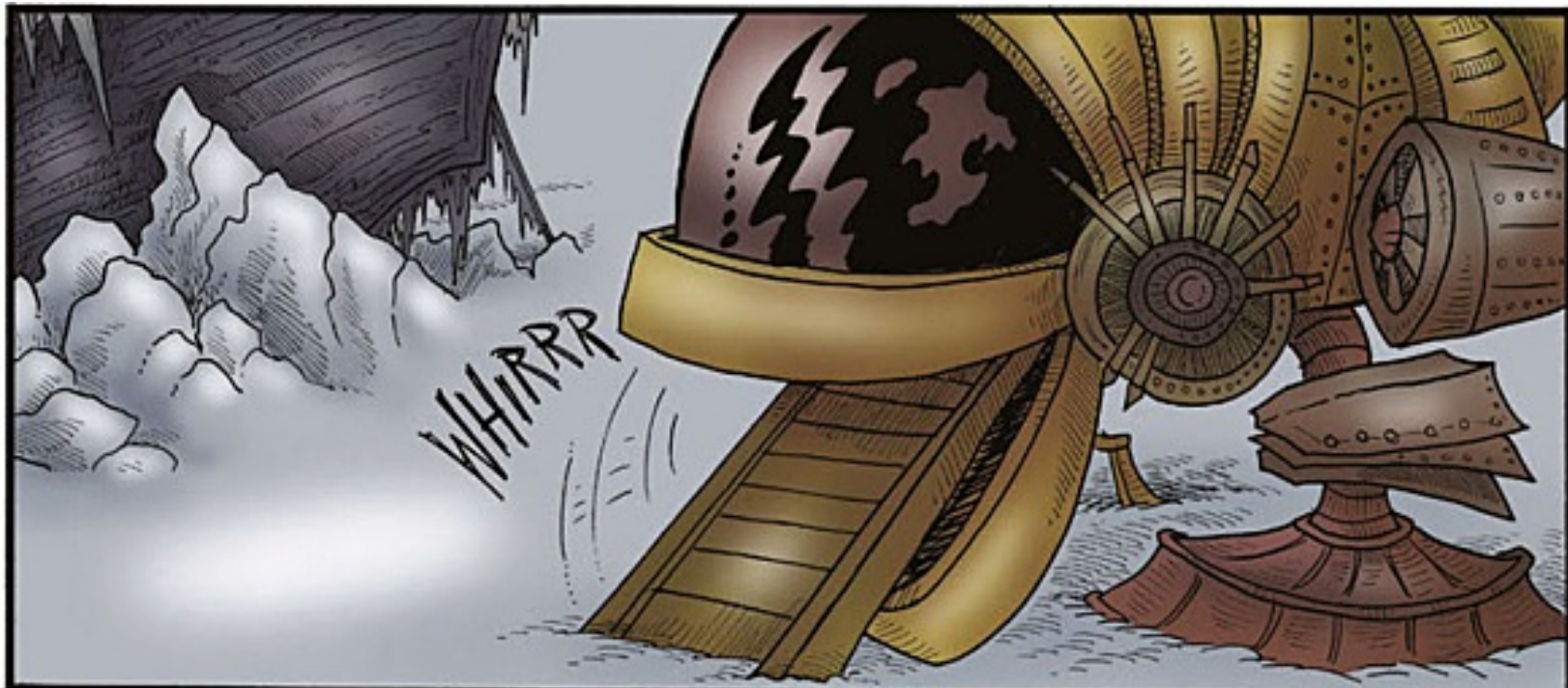
THRUM-
THRUM

WHAT IS
IT?

WHOOSH

HMS TERROR







NOT ON MY WATCH,
YOU SCURRILOUS

OOF!



WE CAN DO THIS THE EASY
WAY OR THE HARD WAY.

IT'S ALL RIGHT.
WE WON'T RISK
YOUR CREW.



MYA... YOU REMEMBER WHAT I
TOLD YOU ABOUT LEADERSHIP?

I'LL NEVER FORGET.

THEY'RE LUCKY
TO HAVE YOU.



THIS WAY.
NOW.



MYA?



IT'LL BE OK.
FOLLOW ME.

YOU KIDS HAVE HAD
YOUR FUN ...

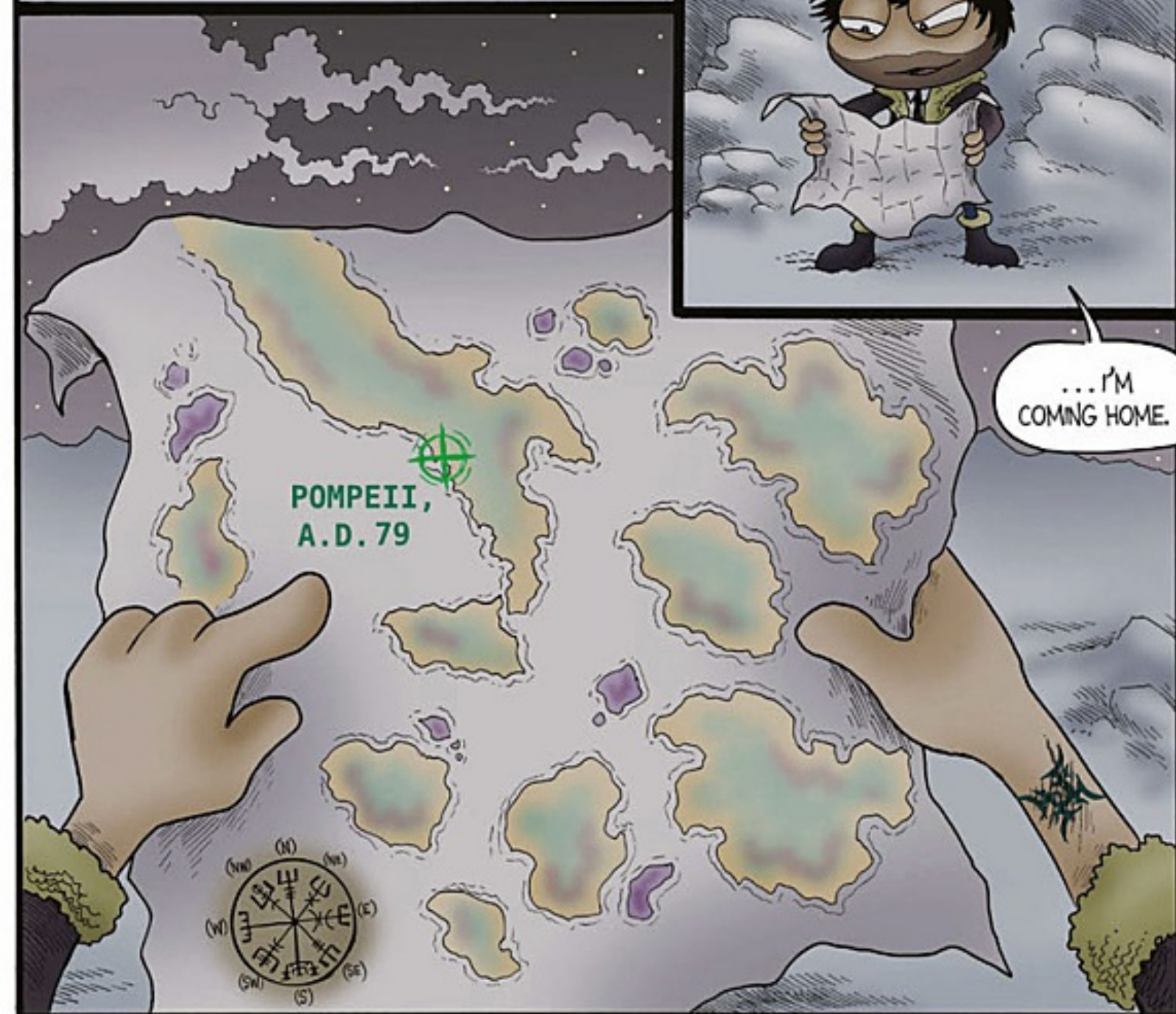
WHRRRRRRRRRR

... BUT YOU'RE FINISHED
MESSING AROUND WITH
POPTROPICA.



NOW LET'S GET THAT MAP
BACK TO ITS RIGHTFUL OWNER!

Chapter 9





WE'VE FOUND
THEM, SIR.

TELL ME,
KIDS...

... DO YOU EVER WANT TO
SEE YOUR HOME AGAIN?



FIND OUT WHAT HAPPENS TO OUR TRIO IN ...

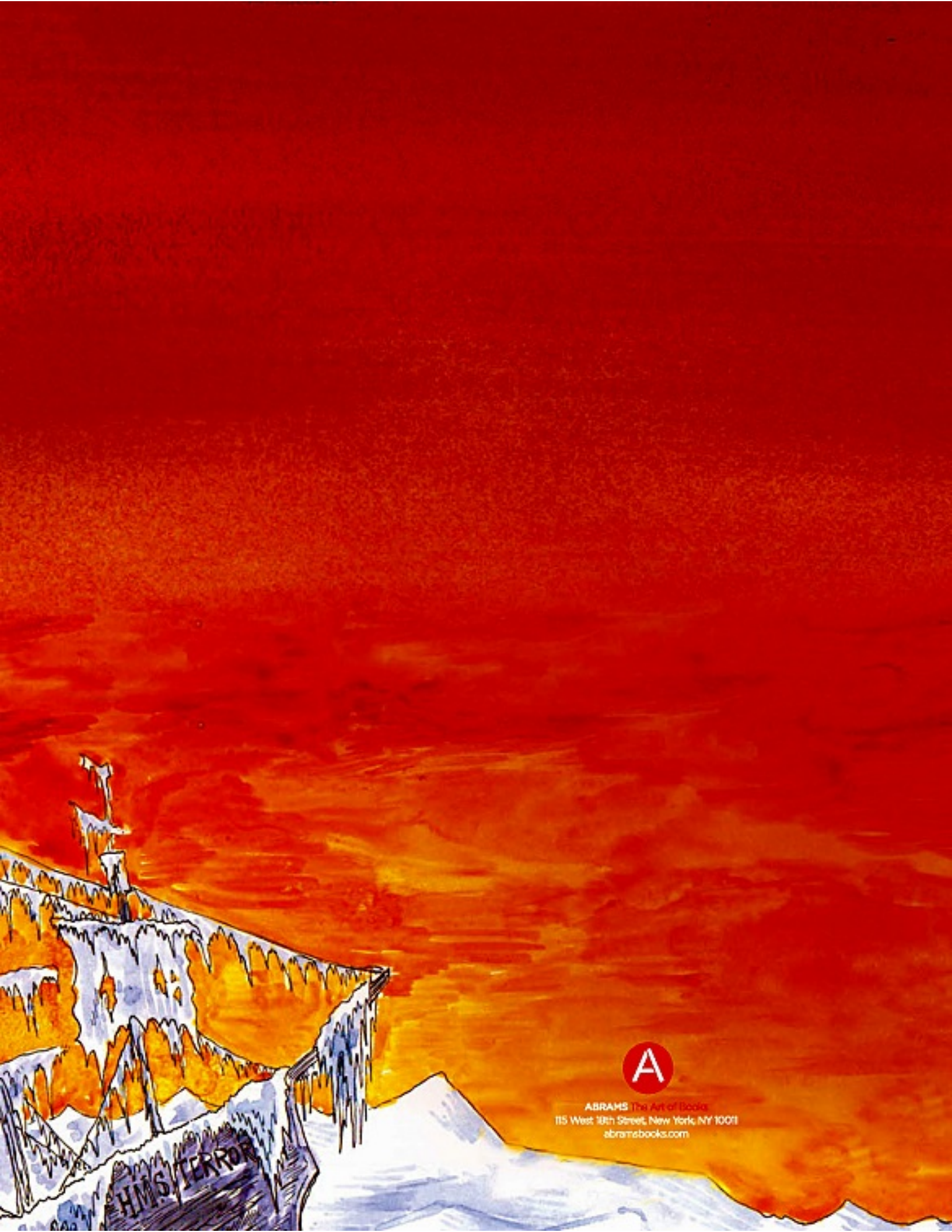
Poptropica®

BOOK 3

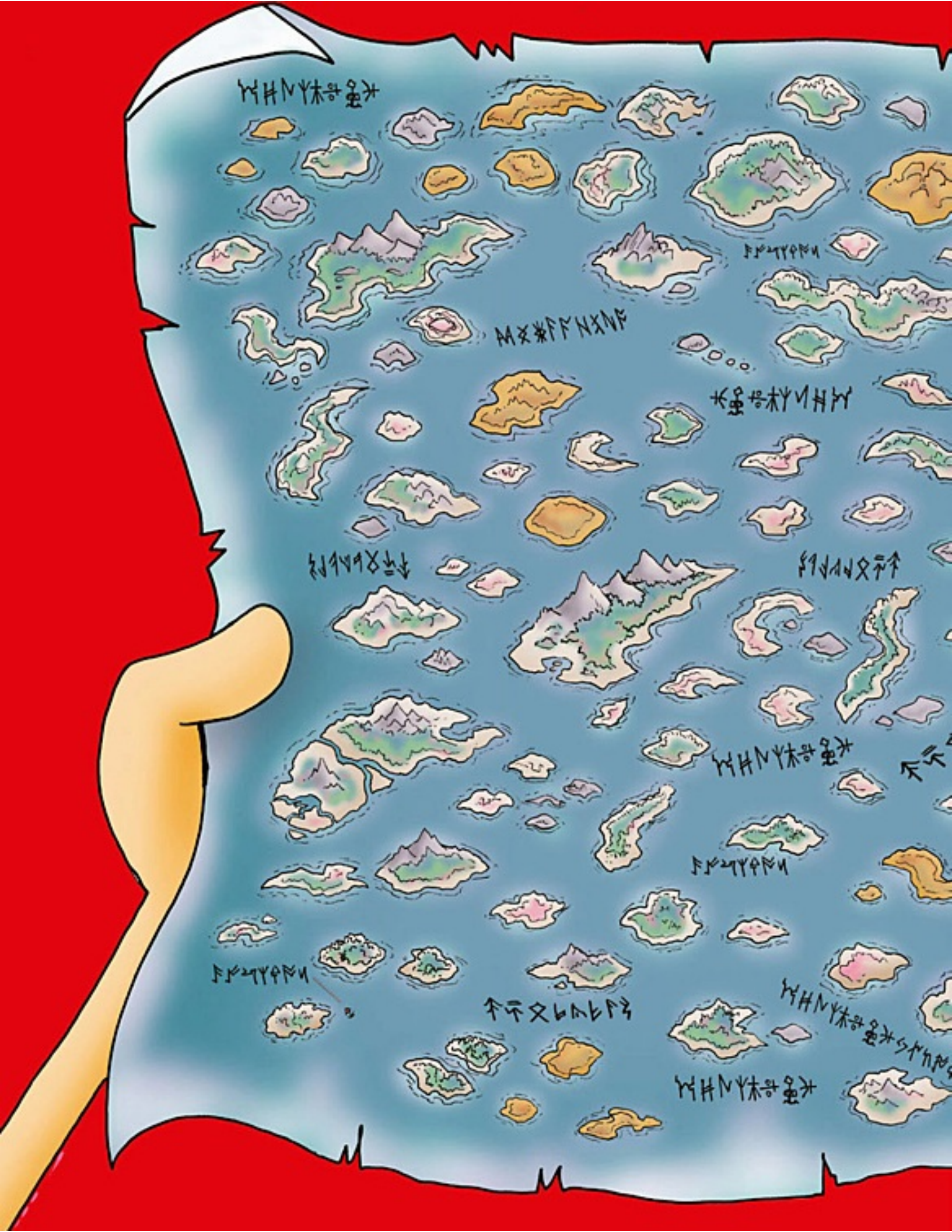
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Mya, Oliver, and Jorge have fallen into the clutches of a secret society whose purpose is to protect and preserve Poptropica from outsiders. What does this mysterious organization have planned for them—and for Poptropica itself?

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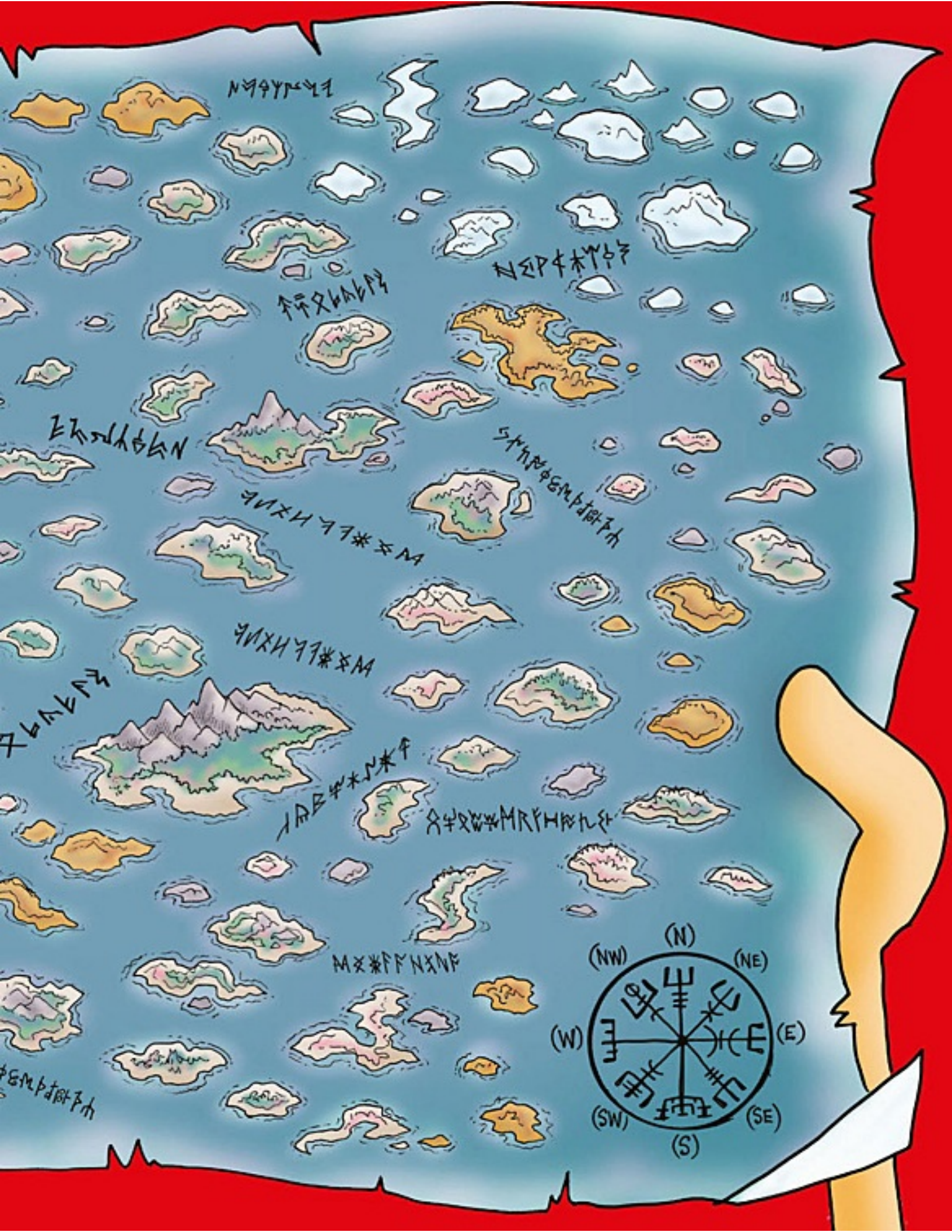
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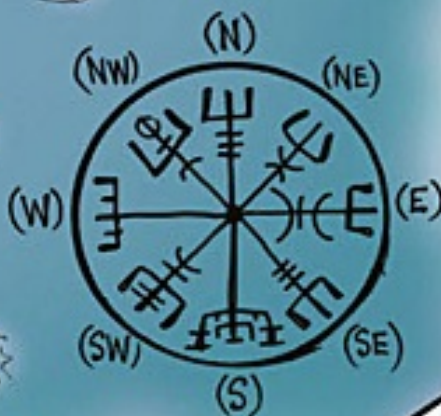
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Will Oliver, Mya, and Jorge be able to once again outfox Octavian? Just who are these people who want to expel them from Poptropica, anyway? The mystery unfolds in *The Lost Expedition*!



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